July 27, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

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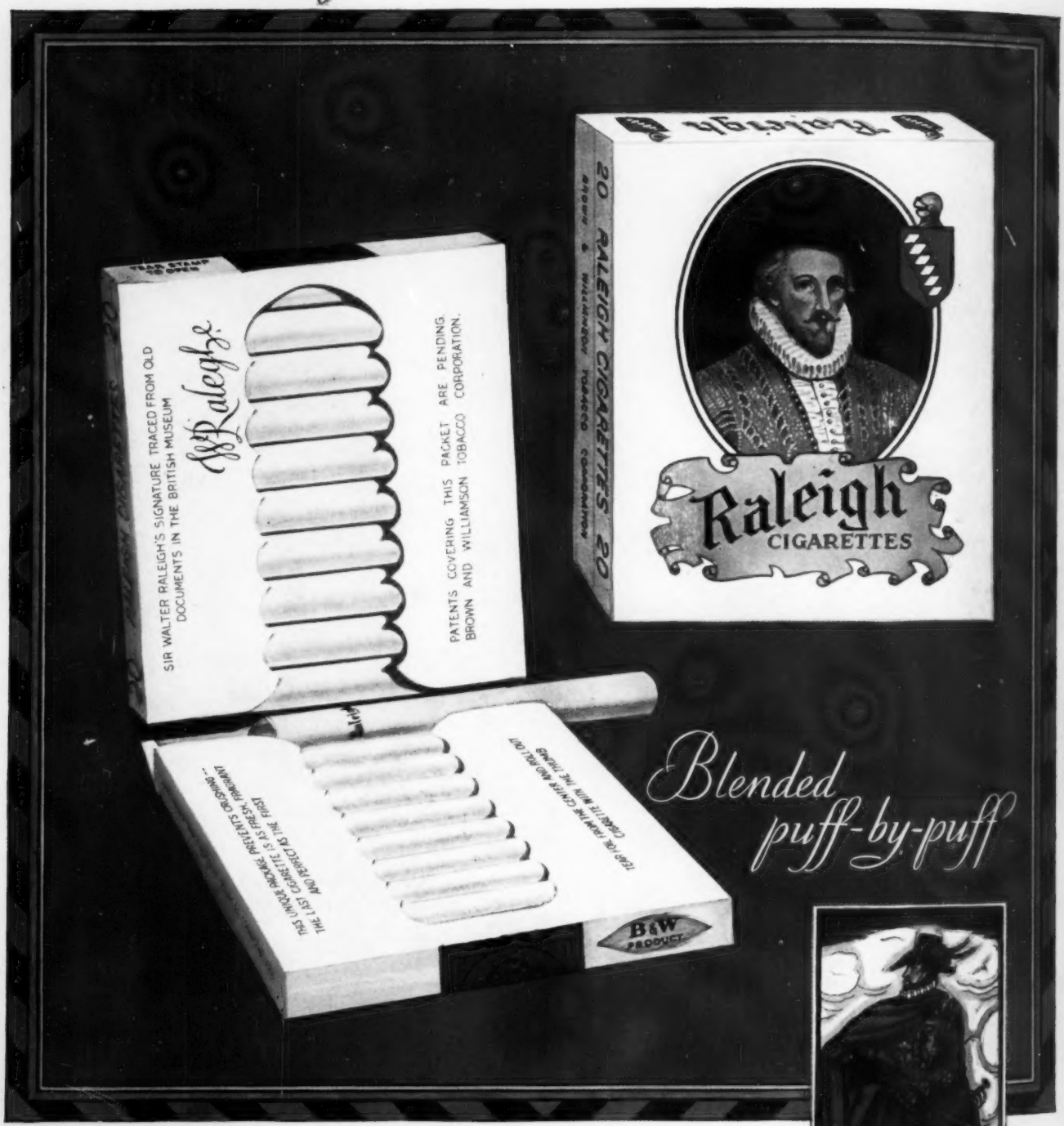
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PILOTS' OUTFITS —THIRD FLOOR

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 3. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M., for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M., for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. stand for East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's ingenuous comedy, wherein three travellers become involved in the quarrel between an English innkeeper and his daughter. (Morosco, 45, W.)

THE CAMEL THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S EYE—The Guild sponsors an unpretentious but very enjoyable light comedy from the Czechoslovakian. (Guild, 52, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOURNEY'S END—A beautiful and moving play of the war as British officers lived it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

LET US BE GAY—Francine Larrimore as a charming divorcée who encounters her philandering ex-husband at a Westchester houseparty. (Little, 44, W. Mats. 2:40 P.M.)

NICE WOMEN—Wisecracking comedy with a "Holiday" plot. Sylvia Sidney plays the fresh flapper. (Longacre, 48, W.)

STREET SCENE—Passion and murder in a New York tenement. Elmer Rice's important and tremendously effective prizewinner. (Playhouse, 48, E.)

WITH MUSIC

BROADWAY NIGHTS—Only surprising in its similarity to those other Shubert Nights in Spain, Venice, etc. (44th Street, 44, W.)

EARL CARROLL'S SKETCH BOOK—Summer revue with pretty girls and questionable humor. Will Mahoney and the antics of The Three Sailors are particularly recommended. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Mat. Thurs.)

FOLLOW THRU—A lively show about love and golf, with some of the best music, comedy, and dancing in town. (46th Street, 46, W.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—Love and fisticuffs in a well-paced production. One of the past season's leaders. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

HOT CHOCOLATES—An all-colored revue, half of which is a knockout, and the other half fair to middling. (Hudson, 44, E. Mat. Thurs. Special performance Tues. at midnight.)

THE LITTLE SHOW—A gay, spirited, intimate revue, remarkable for its humor and a cast which includes Libby Holman, Clifton Webb, and Fred Allen. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE NEW MOON—Roaring romance in old New Orleans. (Imperial, 45, W.)

A NIGHT IN VENICE—A rough, jolly revue. Nearer the Shubert office than the Adriatic. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW GIRL—Notable for the wild comedy of Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, and so beautifully put on by Ziegfeld that you can forget the dull book and weak Gershwin score. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

•

HOBOKEN—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," a delightful commentary on yesterday's theatre, is at the Old Rialto, 118 Hudson St. (Hoboken 8088). Nightly at 8:30. Mat. Sat. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, use Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

VAUDEVILLE—Frances Williams, Albert Carroll, and Charles Ray will be at the Palace, Fri., July 26, only. (Palace, B'way between 46 and 47; 2:15 and 8:15 P.M.)

FOR DINING AND DANCING

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—The Italian Garden for dancing during dinner in a pleasant Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Strikingly redecorated by Joseph Urban; dancing during dinner and after the theatre to Leo Reisman's and Emil Coleman's orchestras.*

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 0351)—Dinner and supper dancing; Rudy Vallée's crooning after the theatre.*

ROOFS—Ritz-Carlton Roof, Madison at 46 (Plaza 4600), dinner and dancing in a Persian Garden; open until 11:30 P.M. Must dress. . . . St. Regis Roof, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500), Vincent Lopez music and blue-and-gold décor; open until 2 A.M. Must dress. . . . Bossert Marine Roof, Montague and Remsen Sts., Brooklyn (Main 8100), worth the trip for the harbor view. . . . Other roofs and near-roofs are: Astor, B'way at 44; Biltmore Cascades, Madison at 43; McAlpin, B'way at 34; Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55; Pennsylvania, 7 Ave. at 33; and Roosevelt Grill, Madison at 45, not up-in-the-air, but cool nevertheless.

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—Two of the more interesting places of this type are: Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, where the roof slides back on warm nights; and Casanova Roof, 134 W. 52, with Frances Williams and Jack Smith.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—The Blue Horse, 21 E. 8; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

HARLEM—You cannot get into some of the most amusing places without a knowing guide, but you will find The Cotton Club, Lenox Ave. at 142; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and Small's, 7 Ave. at 134, worth visiting. Go about 2 A.M. for the late shows.

•

JUST-OUT-OF-TOWN—A few roadhouses within an hour's drive of Times Sq. are: Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, Riverdale Ave. at 246, outdoor dining and dancing; open until 2 A.M. . . . Woodmansten Inn, Pelham P'kway and Williamsbridge Rd., Vincent Lopez and his orchestra; open until 2 A.M. . . . Pavillon Royal, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., music by Abe Lyman and his Californians; open until 2 A.M. . . . Show Place, Merrick Rd., Valley Stream, L. I., Texas Guinan, very much in person; open late. . . . For Coney Island sea-food dinners: Feltmans' Maple Garden, Surf Ave., Coney Island; and Villepigue's Inn, Ocean Ave., Sheepshead Bay.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

BULLDOG DRUMMOND—Lights and shadows, camera work at its best, lift this thriller above the average. Ronald Colman is the star. (Apollo, 42, W. of B'way; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; closes Sun., July 28.)

THE FOUR FEATHERS—English heroics in Africa, with the wild beasts of the jungle providing the real interest. Silent. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

(Continued on page 4)

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 45TH STREET
BRYANT 6300

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by the F-R Pub. Corp., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, pres.; E. R. Spaulding, vice-pres.; C. E. Brindley, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. mgr. Subscriptions $5.00. Vol. V, No. 23, July 27, 1929. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by the F-R Pub. Corp.

These facts are
only for women
who

DARE READ THE TRUTH

The coarsening skin texture you see in a magnifying mirror—can this be the skin you still thought young? Even a handmirror taken to the light will show facts most women would rather not know. Enlarged pores, muddy color, blackheads cannot really be covered by powder. Other people see the defects you have wished to forget.

Don't put off facing the facts. Improper cleansing will result in a coarse, muddy skin and it is so unnecessary. Never before has skin care been so simple, so effective! Never before have women had so little reason to fear coarse, aging skin!

A scientific new liquid is proving what the medical profession has always contended—that only a liquid thoroughly cleanses the skin. No doctor of standing would use anything but a liquid solvent to cleanse the skin of a patient. He knows that creams remove only the "surface" dirt, pushing the "embedded" dirt even deeper into the pores!

Applied on cotton, Ambrosia penetrates instantly into the pores, floats the deepest dirt onto the cotton. There is nothing to wipe away. No wonder liquid Ambrosia awakens the youth of the skin as nothing has done before! No wax in Ambrosia to clog and coarsen the pores! No alkali to dry or stiffen the skin!

The makers of Ambrosia do not produce a cream but recognize its great value for softening a dry skin and advise its use—as a softener—after every particle of soil has been removed with Ambrosia. Pores cleansed to their depths become naturally fine. With daily pore-deep cleansing, even a skin grown coarse through neglect soon becomes youthfully firm.

Begin at once to have the radiant freshness of skin you have always wished to possess. Start now to look at your mirror with hope, and not dread.

The patrician, flat-backed Ambrosia bottle at all better drug and department stores, $1.50, $2.50, $4.50. Hinze Ambrosia, Inc., 114 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

For oily skin

Wipe face and neck with Ambrosia, repeating until the skin is perfectly clean. Rinse with warm water. Finish with very cold water. Ambrosia is also a perfect powder base.

For normal skin

Saturate absorbent cotton with liquid Ambrosia and wipe thoroughly over the face and neck, repeating until a fresh pad does not show any soil. Stroke the face up with fingers until dry. Ambrosia alone is a perfect powder base.

For dry skin

At night cleanse face and neck with Ambrosia, stroking dry with fingers. Smooth on a facial cream. In the morning cleanse again with Ambrosia to remove all wax left in the pores by the cream. Ambrosia alone is a perfect powder base.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, JULY 26, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 3. TIME GIVEN, INCLUDING TRAIN DEPARTURES, IS DAYLIGHT SAVING]

(Continued from page 2)

THE MYSTERIOUS DR. FU MANCHU—From the Sax Rohmer thrillers. Lots of excitement, though slowed up by the dialogue. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9:45 A.M.)

PICCADILLY—London night life in a good English film with Gilda Gray and Anna May Wong. Silent, except for talking prologue. (Little Carnegie Playhouse, 146 W. 57; performances continuous from 2 P.M.)

THUNDERBOLT—Underworld activities and prison-cell jocularities very well depicted, featuring George Bancroft. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Sat., Aug. 3; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

THE TRIAL OF MARY DUGAN—Good courtroom picture, with Norma Shearer telling the whole truth and nothing but the truth. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat., July 27, through Mon., July 29; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

WONDER OF WOMEN—A poignant and stirring picture in which Peggy Wood demonstrates the tragedy of marriage with an artist. Part talking. (Capitol, B'way at 51; Fri., July 26; performances continuous from noon.)

Also recommended, if you run across them: "Alibi," night clubs, holdups, and even the domestic moments of the police and the crooks, make this thoroughly exciting; "Charming Sinners," the movie alias for "The Constant Wife," with some good comedy by Ruth Chatterton; "The Cocoanuts," the Marx Brothers as uproariously funny as ever: "Madame X," a relic of big drama renovated with telling effect, and splendidly acted by Ruth Chatterton.

ART

DECORATION—Another show of what is called Modern Art, for home use: Contempora Exposition of Art and Industry, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays, except Sat., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

IMPRESSIONISTS—Masters of the French school: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays, except Sat., 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.

INTERNATIONAL—Some of the American left wing, with foreigners of a kindred spirit: Neumann, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until noon.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

MUSIC

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts daily at 8:45 P.M.: Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. on Central Park Mall. . . . Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. on N. Y. U. Campus. (Take East Side-Jerome Ave. subway to N. Y. U.-Burnside Ave. Sta.)

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Albert Coates conducting; concerts daily at 8:30 P.M. (Verdi's "Requiem," with Kathryn Meisle, Jeanette Vreeland, Arthur Hackett, and Reinald Werrenrath as soloists, will be played Wed. and Thurs. Eves., July 31 and Aug. 1.): Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 136. (Take B'way subway to W. 137 St. Sta., or Bus No. 5.)

OUTDOOR OPERA—Verdi's "Aïda" will be performed at the Polo Grounds, Sat., July 27, at 9 P.M. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or Bus No. 3.)

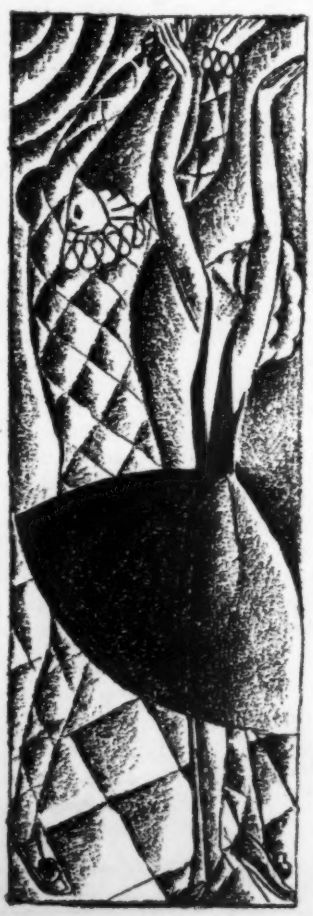
ON THE AIR

GOLDMAN BAND—Concerts on N. Y. U. Campus broadcast Sat. Eves., July 27 and Aug. 3, at 8:45 P.M., over WJZ.

SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Shilkret conducting: Sat. Eves., July 27 and Aug. 3, at 9 P.M., over WEAF.

CHAMBER MUSIC—Old-world trio of ancient instruments: Sun., July 28, at 2:30 P.M., over WEAF.

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic-Symphony, Albert Coates conducting: Sun., July 28, at 8:30 P.M., and Tues., July 30, at 9:30 P.M., over WOR.



RUSSIAN CATHEDRAL CHOIR—Sun., July 28, at 11:30 P.M., over WEAF.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., July 30, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

THOMAS A. EDISON—Speaking at the Edison Scholarship award ceremonies: Wed., July 31, at 11:45 A.M., over WEAF and WJZ.

LIGHT OPERA—"Iolanthe," by Gilbert and Sullivan: Wed., July 31, at 10:30 P.M., over WEAF. . . . Romberg's "My Maryland," Act III: Fri., Aug. 2, at 9:30 P.M., over WJZ.

PACIFIC LITTLE SYMPHONY—Hart conducting, broadcast from San Francisco: Fri., Aug. 2, at 4 P.M., over WJZ.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—Games at Yankee Stadium, at 3 P.M.: Yankees vs. St. Louis, Fri. through Sun., July 26-28; Yankees vs. Chicago, Tues. through Thurs., July 30 - Aug. 1; Yankees vs. Cleveland, Fri. and Sat., Aug. 2 and 3. (Take 6 or 9 Ave. "L" or East Side-Jerome Ave. subway.)

BOXING—Bouts at Ebbets Field, Sullivan St., near Franklin Ave., Brooklyn, Wed. Eve., July 31; preliminaries at 8:15 P.M. (Take B. M. T.-Brighton Line train to Prospect Park.)

HORSE SHOWS—Stamford Horse Show, Sunaim Farm, Westover-Bangall Rd., Stamford, Conn., last two days, Fri. and Sat., July 26 and 27. . . . Charity Horse Show, on the estate of Albert J. Davis, Brookville, L. I., Sun., July 28.

POLO—Play at Fleischmann Field, Port Washington, L. I., every Sun. Aft. at 4. (Train leaves Penn. Sta., L. I. R. R., at 2:24 P.M.) . . . Tournament play at the Rumson Country Club, Rumson, N. J., will start Sat. Aft., Aug. 3.

RACING—Empire City track, Yonkers; last two days, Fri. and Sat., July 26 and 27; races at 2:30 P.M. (Special trains leave Grand Central at 1:20 and 1:44 P.M.) . . . The racing season at Saratoga, N. Y., will start Mon., July 29; races weekdays at 3 P.M. (Last train leaves Grand Central at 10:03 A.M. The Saturday special leaves at 9:35 A.M.)

TENNIS—Invitation tournament, Sea Bright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club, Sea Bright, N. J., Mon. through Sat., July 29-Aug. 3.

YACHTING—Larchmont Yacht Club Race Week will end with the races on Sat. Aft., July 27. . . . Stamford Yacht Club Regatta, Sat. Aft., Aug. 3.

NOTE—Two of the best pools in town are located in the Shelton, Lexington at 49 (open until 11 P.M.), and the Park Central, 7 Ave. at 55 (open until midnight). The pool in the Barbizon, Lexington at 63, is for women only.

Inseparables!

IF you think you can, just try it! Try to take Bost Tooth Paste away from those who have learned its exhilarating effect in the morning—that younger generation courting a healthy sun-tan out of doors, yet so particular about the immaculateness of its bathrooms and its teeth!

As well try to separate them from one another, or from their favorite brands of cigarettes. It removes and keeps tobacco stain from the teeth, in addition to being as fine a dentifrice in every other regard as was ever compounded. Prevents fermentation, freshens the palate with a rare bouquet flavor and leaves a lingering sweetness of breath.

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. . . *Cyclax,* London, presenting its creams in New York exclusively through Saks-Fifth Avenue.

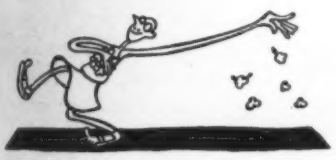
. . . *Fontanis,* Paris, famous for perfumes and cosmetics which we exclusively introduce to our New York clientele.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WOMEN are luckier than men in summer, with their bare legs, their restful thoughts, and their diaphanous dresses of cool sea-green material. Men's shoes, for one thing, are terrible in June, July, August, and parts of September. The Greeks, who wore sandals on their feet, had more of an idea. We happened to see a pair of sandals in a workmen's clothing store the other day and were strongly tempted to buy them and wear them to the office, they looked so cool and practical. Courage failed us. We knew that if we showed up with sandals, we would be accused of trying to start a new school of thought. We would be



asked where was our tunic, where was our loom, and where was our sister, Isadora.

IN Jersey, where thousands of innocent motorists have gone never to return, road conditions are improving. Engineers, taking Jersey City by the horns, have built a subterranean passage from the Holland Tunnel westward through the worst of the labyrinth. This tunnel conveys you swiftly underground and then ejects you with great suddenness into the Jersey meadows, headed west. This is a fierce, machinal experience, particularly at night, when the meadows are a kind of motorist's inferno—a black morass, crossed and crisscrossed by railroads, floodlights, and furnaces, and veiled in the thick mists of murder and industry. By gripping the steering-wheel hard, some motorists have been able to arrive finally at a place called Belleville; but Jersey will never be safe territory until the authorities go the whole

way and continue the express highway underground right through the entire state, coming up at last on the other side of the Delaware River, where all is clear.

AFTER dining with a friend in Tudor City the other night, we emerged into the soft Fred F. French shade of Prospect Place. We started to *walk* away, for we are deeply sensible of Tudor traditions. At that hour we couldn't very well have Walked to Work, but we felt we ought to do the next best thing and Walk to Play. Quite to our astonishment, we were allowed to do no such thing. A doorman with a look of frenzy in his eye seized upon us and motioned us to stand perfectly still, not take one step; whereupon, having exacted our promise not to budge, he raced wildly up the little street, waving a flashlight. When he had attracted a cab, he bundled us into

it and said, "Good night." Should we have tipped him, the disloyal rogue?

A LITTLE ad in the *Wall Street Journal* has given us a great jolt. It reads like this: "Help Wanted—Female. Telephone operator. Must be expert, with Wall Street experience. Early to work, early to bed. Call 30 Broad Street, Room 714, Whitehall 10175." The suggestion that the young lady go early to bed is what troubles us, the phrase falling dolorously on our pricked ear. Early to bed? Those strange beautiful creatures who face typewriters, switchboards, and comptometer machines from dawn to dark—are they to go early to bed? Why, the one hopeful thing in all the thick steel welter of business is that these captive maidens, suddenly transformed at five o'clock, manage to go forth romantically into the gas-scented evening to keep trysts with boy friends, to dance in the light of the Broadway moon, to weep, laugh,

quarrel, love, and return home in the small hours to catch a little sleep before the next day's grind! Any young Wall Street switchboard operator who spends her day making electrical connections between a Mr. Golph and a Mr. Wooph and then goes to bed early just so she'll be fit to do the same thing the next day, has lost the precious amulet. We are really appalled that any firm, in all its grandeur, should dare hint that its girls retire early. When office girls start going to bed after supper, that spells the end of everything: down will come brick and steel, mortar and rivet, out will go the lights, in will come the sea!

Reserve

SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN STORY: A visitor to a small town in Virginia

hastened to present himself to a local banker, an old friend of his father who, born there, had moved to New England. He mentioned his name and, getting no immediate response, ventured a comment on the weather. He then realized that his host was deaf, for the old man demanded, "What was that, sir?" and cupped his hand to his ear. "I say, it's a fine day, isn't it?" the caller repeated. "Ah," said the old gentleman, "but whose son did you say you were?" "Oh, I'm Bennett Langhorne's son, sir. Bennett Langhorne of Boston." The Virginian's face relaxed. "Yes," he said, "it is."

Mr. Foster

"ASK Mr. Foster," which admonition one sees all over in hotel lobbies and such places, is the sole slogan, corporate title, and appellation of the organization it advertises. There really is a Mr. Foster. Few meet him personally, of course, and if his business is somewhat cryptic to some, it probably amuses him, for he has a gentle humor.

In the year 1886, Mr. Ward Grenelle Foster (for that is his full name) happened to be twenty-five and in Florida with no occupation. He had left Albion, New York, his birthplace, with a construction gang to build the Ponce de León Hotel at St. Augustine, and the construction was finished. After casting about for a while, he finally opened a small bookstore across the street from the hotel. His customers were people from all over and through talking to them he soon accumulated a fund of miscellaneous information of train connections, hotels, etc. He got to know so much about the subject that the clerks from the Ponce de León would send people across to his shop to "ask Mr. Foster." Mr. Foster used to chuckle about this. Then suddenly one day he concluded that there was money in answering questions, more than in selling books. His big idea was to place the charge upon railroads, steamship companies, hotels, and others who profited from the facts he related. Once started, he expanded rapidly. Department stores and banks, as well as hotels, paid him for setting up bureaus, as they attracted crowds.

Mr. Foster still keeps contact with his seventy branches, supervises two schools in which his employees are taught, keeps track of ten road men who spend all their time getting travel facts, and manages a string of eighteen Mr. Foster's Remembrance Shops, which are an outgrowth of his original book business. He spends an average of two hundred and forty days a year on the road himself, and divides the rest of his time between California and New York, although his legal residence is Miami. He is a gentle, quiet, white-bearded gentleman of sixty-eight who doesn't like motor cars and subsists mainly on a diet of raw vegetables, whole wheat, and a great deal of water. Hanging on the wall of his office in West Forty-second Street is the motto: "Work is the Best Fun." Although he has travelled miles enough to have circled the globe scores of times, he has never been abroad. He talks occasionally about going, but his associates only smile unbelievingly.

Service

WE have never heard anything against the service at the Gotham Hotel, but owing to worry or something, the management had neglected until a short time ago to put Bibles in the rooms. It was a lady from Halifax who complained to the manager about it. The next day she found a Bible at her bedside and was told that there was one in every other room too. This made her happy.

•

A BREATHLESS caller reports he saw this sign on a shop in Sixth Avenue: "Abe's Bazar Español." We have filed this under Signs.

Pets and Trophies

THOMAS ROWLAND'S, in Sixth Avenue near Thirteenth, is perhaps the oldest taxidermist's in the city and the present Rowland, son of the founder, is one of five or six such craftsmen still in business. The father established the shop forty-five years ago, and for years it did a nice, genteel trade. People used to drive up in their broughams bringing their parrots, canaries, short-haired fox terriers, and pug dogs to be stuffed. Rowland's used to stuff fifty pug dogs a year, on an average, but hasn't done one since 1908. What has become of the pugs of those days Mr. Rowland doesn't know. They seem extinct.

Taxidermy now has more of a sporting than a domestic character. Few people bring in their pets any more, it being no longer a sentimental age. Rowland's even mildly discourages the practice. Of course it hasn't passed altogether. The taxidermist recently stuffed a chicken hawk of which a farmer was perversely fond, a monkey for a ship on which it had been mascot, and, from time to time, parrots for old ladies who have never given up the Victorian stuffing urge. The shop now, however, deals mostly in the mounting of hunters' and fishermen's trophies, which are brought in from all over the country. Nimrods and Waltons take their trophies there. Usually they want them for mounting over their fireplaces or for their own private museums. Professionals bring in the heads of mountain sheep, moose, buffalo, and so on, which they sell for nice prices—from two hundred and fifty to a thousand dollars. Fishermen, with their catches, outnumber hunters. The fish business has elevated taxidermy to the realm of a fine art, for in the process of stuffing, a fish loses its natural colors and must be painted in oils. A taxidermist therefore must be an artist.

In the old times Rowland's used to mount a great many songbirds, for they were not protected by law. Anyone could kill tanagers, bluebirds, and even robins to make ornaments for the parlor. Now none except scientific collectors specially licensed can kill such birds, and then only in limited numbers.

Send-Off

EVERY negro has a horror of being buried in Potter's Field. Most negroes join, for a few cents a week, a society that guarantees them an elaborate funeral with music, an obituary notice, and decent burial in a cemetery. It's the one form of insurance they are particular about. Not long ago there died in Washington a negro woman who had been so afraid of death that she had joined no fewer than eleven

such societies. Her name was Fannie J. Reed. Notice of her death appeared eleven times in one issue of the Washington *Star*, the paragraphs being grouped solidly together. All told they occupied ten inches of solid type. Each paragraph began afresh: "Reed, Fannie J." It was a rather impressive passing, even for Washington.

Butterfield's Bus

WE rode to Albany in the locomotive cab of the Century this week, and back, by moonlight, on the Empire State, through the kindness of a friend who has a title in the New York Central. Bob Butterfield was at the throttle. He is senior engineer of the line and a lion in locomotive circles.

We learned that engines rarely kill animals, fences being efficient nowadays, but frequently pick off birds. They smack into the front of the locomotive and stick there. Engineers are instructed to turn pheasants and such in to the game warden at the end of the run. Sparrows don't matter. Crows like to sit on the rails until the last minute and then hop off. This irritates engineers. At night the locomotive men dim their headlights when meeting other trains, politely, as do some motorists. They also flick them at friends in switch-towers. On the big new engines (four thousand horse power, three hundred and thirteen tons delivered) nobody does any manual labor. They are equipped with automatic stokers which the fireman regulates nonchalantly with a handy little valve. A shovel is kept aboard, but as a precaution only; the stoker might get stuck. The engineer used to have to be a strong man to swing the giant reverse lever. Nowadays a small wheel which twirls easily does the trick. He presses a button to blow the whistle.

Engineers for the Century are picked for their gentleness with the air brakes. Butterfield told us that slamming trains around is a sign of carelessness or incompetence. He has written a monograph on the subject. The Century is slowed down beyond Albany, we were told, so that the curves in the track won't interfere with dinner. Ordinarily trains don't slow down for curves. The speed limit is seventy miles an hour on "unrestricted" stretches, but many signs along the way order a slower rate. Most of them read, "Reduce speed to fifty miles an hour." Modern engines ride easily because they are heavy and well balanced. Locomotives vary greatly in their performance but the enginemen don't get sentimental about them. Conversation in a cab is a little easier than in an airplane. Most of our talk with Butterfield was on politics. He voted for Smith.

THE Central's main line is equipped with automatic train control. If an engine runs by a signal set against it, the air brakes go on automatically and all the engineer can do is wait until his train stops and then climb down ignominiously and reset a valve on the side of the tender. If he is on the job, however, he can run past a block by pressing a lever called the forestaller. Upon such occasions a toy whistle blows just over his head, to remind him that he has entered dangerous trackage. It took twenty-four years to perfect the auto-

"Sure we've found happiness, but can't we have some fun anyway?"

matic mechanism and millions of dollars to install it.

Prepared

THE parents of a solemn boy of New Canaan, Connecticut, are perturbed over his spirit of disenchantment and resignation to the worst. They were sending him off to relatives on a visit and told him to write his name and address on a card and keep it in his pocket. The youngster did so, beginning: "In case of accident this was Emery H. Busny."

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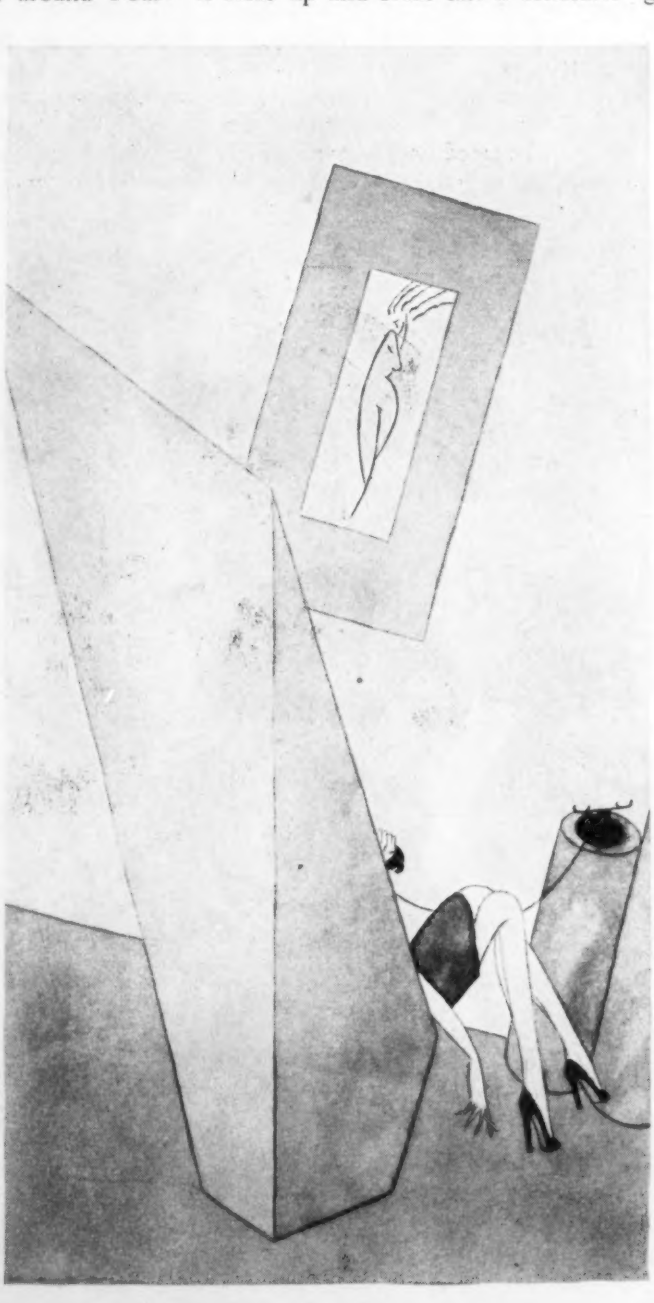
TAXI NEWS: A gentleman hailed a cab downtown around Fourteenth Street and asked to be driven to Forty-eighth and Lexington. The driver looked blank. Surprised, his fare recommended that he go north on Fifth Avenue to Forty-eighth and east on that street. "Where is Fifth Avenue?" asked the driver. This so interested the customer that he asked the chauffeur for his story, knowing there must be one. It appeared that the fellow has been operating a cab in Brooklyn for six years but had never driven it across the river before this night, upon which occasion he had, with great trepidation, taken some Brooklyn people to the Cunard docks. When hailed he had been trying to steal quietly back to his native land.

Another chauffeur surprised a traveller returning to this city after two years by calling him by name as the latter entered his cab at the pier. The driver finally identified himself as Endicott 10043, the gentleman's former bootlegger. Endicott had gone into hacking in order to do an off-the-ship business with sailors and ships' officers whom he meets by frequenting the docks in his taxi. His wife remains at the "office" and acts as order clerk in his absence. Between six and ten in the morning he delivers; always hiring a strange cab, however, for if it became known that he was a cab driver he would lose caste with his clientele, who look on him as a respectable bootlegger. Endicott is a thoughtful man. He is the inventor of a telescoping leather bag. When extended to transport a dozen bottles of liquor it looks like an ordinary satchel. When emptied it folds up and looks like a briefcase.



"Yes, dear, I guess I am a little old-fashioned."

All Out of Them

THE Jewish proprietor of a notion store in one of the suburbs is known for keeping almost everything in stock. He was visited last week by a lady who asked for Tintex. He repeated the word. She repeated it back. With a sigh the shopkeeper then began a long and diligent search through all his shelves.

"No, lady," he said at last. "I got no tin tecks. Only bress."

Good Boys

PROOF is on all sides that men need almost no provocation to get up a lunch club, but the Society of Methodist Preachers' Sons, of which we have been reading from time to time of late, has a big purpose. It is to shatter the legend that ministers' sons come to no good end. It protests about it once a month, over coffee. The organization was born four years ago, the moving spirits being Messrs. Roy Hubbell, of the Hotel Belmont, and Mr. Fletcher Montgomery, president of the Knox Hat Company. They were lunching together with two other gentlemen and it came out unexpectedly that all four were the sons of Methodist ministers. They decided to form a society. The membership now totals about five hundred—three hundred in town, two hundred out. Members qualify by establishing that they haven't come to a bad end. What constitutes a bad end is more or less relative.

Most of the members are college-bred, West or Middle-West, and most of them have been pretty successful. The advertising business is largely represented, but there are lawyers and bankers and all sorts. Clergymen are few. The roster includes William H. Johns of Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn; Attorney Ernest R. Early; Ivy Ledbetter Lee, the publicist; Emory Buckner, who was district attorney; A. Bruce Bielaski, who helped him in his work against the speakeasies; Thomas H. Blodgett, president of the American Chicle Company; ex-Congressman Hill, Dr. S. Parkes Cadman, and J. Henry ("Slogan") Smythe, who wrote

more war slogans than anybody else. The late Melville E. Stone, head of the Associated Press, was a vice-president and Mr. Thomas W. Lamont has the distinction of being the principal speaker at the first luncheon. There are twelve luncheons a year and one banquet.

The Way of a Guard

A YOUNG lady of charm, arriving from Paris, crumpled all the frocks she had bought, bunched them into one large ball, and wadded them into the bottom of one of her trunks. Looking very innocent, she faced the inspector. Coming upon her dresses, the latter, who looked as if he might have a daughter himself, clucked his tongue twice and admonished the fair traveller: "My, my, you'll never get a husband until you learn neatness." The fatherly official thereupon himself unrolled and smoothed out all the dresses, but did nothing further about them.

Clips

A VISITOR to a big news-clipping bureau found it interesting. Many individuals subscribe to the service, to keep track of the attention they are getting in the press, but the majority of clients are big organizations. The bureau in question has as clients the Washington legations of several foreign countries, a number of Florida and California cities who want to know how the ballyhoo is going, the Ku Klux Klan, and the Soviet government. Professional athletes seldom subscribe to clipping bureaus. Gene Tunney, for example, didn't. On the other hand, families of college athletes usually do. Lindbergh paid no attention to the solicitations of clipping firms, Al Smith used one only at the time of his religious argument with Marshall, and Coolidge's secretaries did the clipping for him.

The readers are mostly girls. They get through about two thousand newspapers a day. They do not read the text, but merely run their eyes down one column and up another, spotting names. The fact that they rarely pay any attention to the sense of the text accounts for such things as John Held, the artist, having received a headline reading: "Stage Door Johnny Held By Police."

When a reader spots a name she underscores it with a blue pencil and hands the page to a young man who cuts out the clippings with a sharp knife. Each girl has a list of subscribers at hand, but it is rarely referred to. They learn the names by heart, and their memory is refreshed twice a day when, work being suspended, the whole list is read aloud to them.

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AFTER making some inquiry of a Roxy usher the other night, a wit said to him, "You wouldn't kid me, would you?" The usher's reply was prompt. "We are not allowed to do that, sir," he said. There was just a faint note of regret in his voice.

—THE NEW YORKERS

"Now turn."

"Ice!"

LET'S PLAY POST OFFICE

TO discourage New Yorkers from leaving the city in summer, the Post Office has invented a new trick in the shape of a reddish card, known as N. Y. 4248, and reading as follows:

—— originally directed to your former address, and subsequently redirected as per the address on the face of this card, —— detained here for the reason that the law forbids transmittal to the new address until postage for such service is prepaid. If you will at once return this card and —— cents in postage stamps, in a prepaid envelope, directed to the Superintendent, Station ——, locate at ——, the mail will be forwarded, but otherwise it must be disposed of as provided by law.

Respectfully,
POSTMASTER

In the first space someone has written "Mag" or "2 Publ" or "Prntd Mttr," with appropriate details in the other blanks, special care being taken with "is" and "are;" for the United States Post Office, if not elegant, and although given to such locutions as "locate at" and "but otherwise," is accurate. At the top of the card are two heavy black lines with the injunction: "Cut on lines and insert stamp." If you do as you're told, the two slits, about half an inch apart, with the strip of card between them, make a fine resting place for the stamps.

USUALLY N. Y. 4248 says that a "Publ" is waiting for you to send two cents, and you ignore it; but sometimes it says "Books" and wants thirty cents, and your day is spoiled. For never, by any chance, is there a thirty-cent stamp in the house. N. Y. 4248 is a seasonal card, coming only in summer, when even your two-cent stamps are beginning to stick to the inside of your coat-pocket, so that you bring up a wisp of red paper, very dirty, every time you reach for a cigarette. On the third day after you get the card, however, you go into the village and buy the stamps.

Naturally, you have forgotten to cut along the two black lines to make an insert for the stamps, and the village Post Office offers no knife. You try to bend the card at the lines and to break through with your fingers —the card is too tough. You try to bite a hole in the card and the whole thing takes on a singularly displeasing appearance—not at all the sort of card you would like to send to a total stranger. At last, you disobey the government, and instead of inserting the stamps, you stick them, by just a tiny corner, to the card.

THERE'S a lot of fun at the Post Office even before your card comes back. About half an hour after they have mailed the notification card to you, the boys gather round the Mags and Publs and Prntd Mttr and begin to speculate as to their fate. "Here's a likely piece of mail," says one, lifting a limited edition of Joyce's "Annalivia Plurabelle" for which you paid fifteen dollars six months ago in advance of publication. "What do you bet we don't get the postage for this one?" "Let's see it," says another. "Hmph! Only four cents to send—he'll think it's an advertisement—you win."

On the second day after the cards are out the betting is pretty high. The Post Office figures one day for the card to reach the addressee and one for its return—and no time for mowing the lawn, or going on a picnic, or being lazy and not getting the mail.

On the third day a few cards begin to trickle back and the boys scrupulously pick out the pieces of mail and attach the stamps and get out another rubber-stamp which says, "This is the mail for which you sent postage"—the words "you sap" are omitted from the text, but you supply them when the mail comes to you. The real fun begins after the fourth day.

You recall the last line of the card: "but otherwise it must be disposed of as provided by law." What the law provides is not stated—probably something too awful to contemplate. If the object you've sent for is something you really want, and if you were away when the first notice came and hurried to mail the stamps the moment you got back—what happens? Nothing. The Post Office has lost interest. Then, after a long silent interval, a long, narrow, rather grayish slip of paper comes to you. It says:

The inclosed postage (—— cents) furnished by you to cover postage for forwarding mail addressed to you is returned for the reason checked below.

(1) You sent too much.

At this point you look for the reason checked—and there never is a checkmark of any kind. But you discover:

(3) As the lacking postage was not received within the prescribed time, the detained mail was sent to —— under the provisions of Section 637. . . .

If you're wise you stop there. If not, you get:

(4) As the lacking postage, etc. . . . the detained mail, *being of no obvious value*, was destroyed. (Sec. 612, Postal Laws and Regulations, 1924.)

But you've got to hand it to the Post Office: they did not put in the italics, and at least they gave you the number of the law; and they didn't define "obvious."

AND, if all this worries you, there is one way of escape. Go abroad. The moment you do, you and your mail are sacred to the United States Post Office; the United States Post Office loves you and your Publs and Mags; you get them all in darkest Russia or in quaint Sussex or in Paris or in Spitzbergen, without little red cards, without having books and things destroyed—if you'll only not try to spend your summer in America.

—GILBERT SELDES

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A RHYME OF CONTRAST

This is how a day began
Down in the islands below Spain.
I saw Miguel, a fisherman,
With the sunrise back again,
Leap ashore from his black-bowed boat,
With a big sea bass by the throat,
Silver like a wilted moon.
(Item: the menu for that noon
At La Marina!) And as I came
Closer, the boat revealed its name . . .
Luz y Vida: a sail or a cloud
Could not be whiter or more proud,
Light-and-Life in letters like flame.

Why did I think of narrowing walls
Down the sky like waterfalls?
How could the sunlight ever explain
Taller towers than any in Spain?
And at the foot of Fulton Street
Raw silver from the fishing fleet
Heaped glittering along the stalls?
Incredible mirage that came
Somehow from the curious name
Of an old boat (I only know
For a homesick instant I saw it so),
Written in light along a cloud
A sunrise city . . . proud, proud!

—GENOVA CHARLOT

DESERTED FARM

The wind goes there to pasture now,
Lonely, ambling like a cow.
Weeds and dandelions breed
Where golden stalks once burst from seed.

The night-wind glimmers in the dew,
And shakes the starshine from the grass,
And buds the farmer never knew
Twinkle when shy field mice pass.

When the farmer left the land,
Ruin raised her magic wand:
The land that was the farmer's pride
Suddenly sickened and died.

—CHARLES NORMAN

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HOTEL SPORTS

SOME while ago, in order no doubt to improve the service, the Savoy Hotel, London, held a competition for its bellboys, a medal being awarded to the one who was smartest, brightest, and could page the best. There is, it appears, more in paging than meets the eye. Not only does the lad have to call for a gentleman named, say, Schnurrbusch (or worse), in such fashion that in the first place Mr. Schnurrbusch recognizes his name, and in the second place a headwaiter does not surreptitiously cuff the boy's ear for sneezing in the Palm Court; but he has also to call in such a well-modulated tone that he does not annoy the other guests. Which is most important. I can hardly imagine any shorter road to dismissal than for a bellboy to pop his head into a small room and call suddenly in a harsh crake for Mr. Gawronskiash. Rather must he translate the given name into a pleasing combination of cadences which shall steal so hauntingly across the senses that all in earshot are given the impression of being present at a beautiful service in some foreign cathedral, and only the object of the summons will recognize his own name with, no doubt, the shamefaced start of one guilty of some gross form of sacrilege.

Thus, it seems, are bellboys kept up to the mark, but I was sorry to see no mention of similar competitions for other branches of the hotel staff. I am not advocating that the cloakroom attendant should intone "Your hat and coat, sir?" in a Gregorian chant; but I do think proper contests might be organized in the different spheres of hotel service. A gala day might even be made of it on the lines of a Sports Meeting, with the hotel's very select dance orchestra compelled to play regimental marches on massed saxophones. I tentatively offer a few suggestions for the different events.

FOR the chefs there would be the three following competitions:

(a) Making the most intriguing dinner soup (plain or spot) out of the most unlikely lunch remains.

(b) Talking the best broken French-English despite an Italian upbringing and a perfect command of Anglo-Saxon grammar and American simile.

(c) Boiling a common egg with the most notable ten-thousand-dollar-per-annum gesture. (The winner of this last would no doubt be he who could add an intricate and expensive sauce to the water in which the egg was boiled and time it by a gold watch set to Greenwich Mean Time.)

In the Waiter Class an obstacle race would undoubtedly be popular, especially in the preliminary heats (serving soup for six); but I think the finest prize should be reserved for the best-dressed waiter who yet can be easily distinguished *as* a waiter and not taken for a fellow guest (or vice versa) by

"I'm sure of the L and I'm almost sure of the P. Should I go on?"

rich and inexperienced visitors from the Middle West.

Methods of presenting the check would offer another field for rivalry, a most important part of which would be the assumption of different expressions to indicate without definite insolence an exact opinion of the tip given. Any case of surreptitious palming to avoid the waiters' pool would lead to instant disqualification. Common things like plate-balancing at speed would be left to the clown—for if it were a big meeting there would have to be one of these to provide light relief between events. I could put my finger on a chap in Third Avenue this minute who can carry soup plates ranged right up his arm to his collarbone, like a series of dredger buckets on a chain.

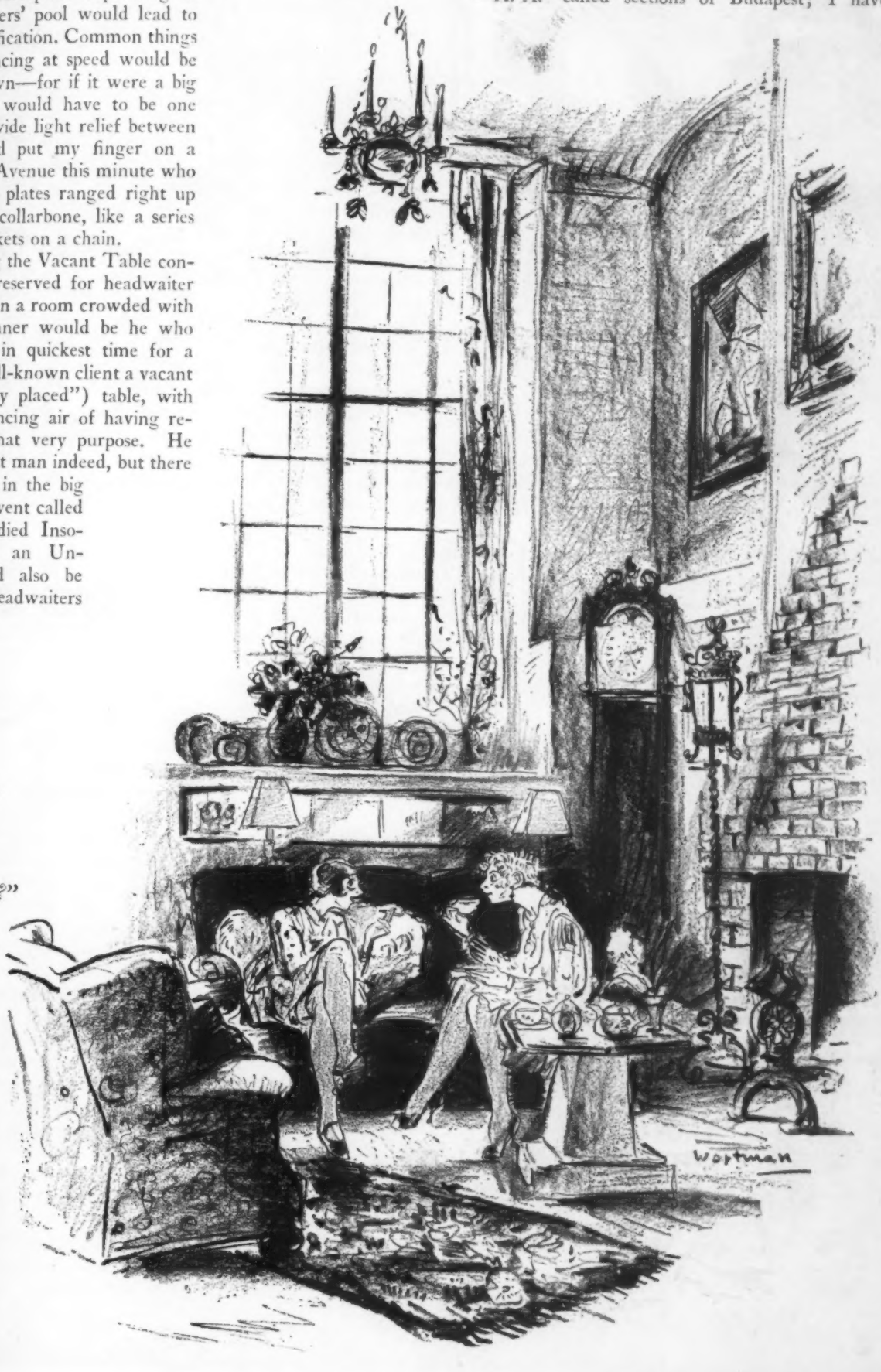
The Finding the Vacant Table contest would be reserved for headwaiter entrants. Given a room crowded with diners, the winner would be he who could produce in quickest time for a favored and well-known client a vacant (and "discreetly placed") table, with the most convincing air of having reserved it for that very purpose. He would be a great man indeed, but there are many such in the big hotels. The event called Polite and Studied Insolence Toward an Undesirable would also be reserved for headwaiters and perhaps promising underwaiters. *Maîtres d'hôtel* would not be allowed to enter for this.

And the final item would, without doubt, be a mannequin parade of lounge-lizards, with marks to be allotted for hair-wave, deportment, hot eyes, and general reptilian bearing.

—A. A.

HOW I FEEL ABOUT THINGS

I HAVE, while roaming the streets of New York, glimpsed corners that recalled bits of Berlin; I have heard sounds that recalled quarters of Naples; I have sniffed odors that recalled sections of Budapest; I have



"And did you have a nice time on your honeymoon?"

"Oh, wonderful! And I met the darlingest man."

eaten foods that recalled cafés of Moscow; I cannot, however, recollect ever having seen, heard, smelled, or tasted in New York anything that recalled Ystradyfodwg in Wales.

I believe the current divorce rate in the city to be due largely to the kitchenette-delicatessen life.

I consider Eighty-first Street the most attractive part of Riverside Drive, and Public School 173, in Fort Washington Avenue, a noble edifice, architecturally. As a summer resort, I am beginning to doubt the city's charm.

I like the wicker chairs at Ben Riley's Arrowhead Inn, the sight of the Battery from a Staten Island ferryboat on a July evening, the gardens of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, the St. Regis Roof, the tinned antipasto at the Blue Ribbon in West Forty-fourth Street, the collection of Moderns at the Weyhe Gallery in Lexington Avenue, the motor cars and service of the O'Toole agency, the cigar stand at the Belmont, and the dill pickles at Schnapps' Sixth Avenue bazaar. I do not, on the other hand, like the excavations in East Fifty-third Street.

I BELIEVE New York to be the world's capital of artificial gaiety. I regret the demolishment of the twin Vanderbilt mansions and the passing of the erstwhile roadhouse that adorned Frawley Circle. My favorite newsstand decorates the northwest corner of Bryant Park. I have yet to discover a soda bar which I consider wholly to my liking.

I am disappointed in Sylvan Terrace, that leads off St. Nicholas Avenue just below 161st Street, and prefer Hancock Square to Hancock Place. I am happy to note the decrease in high-rate taxis.

I am ever attracted to the hardware shops in Third Avenue, the balconied exterior of the Hotel Theresa, that slice of Irving Place just south of Gramercy Park, and the glass department of any five-and-ten. I deplore the passing of Maennerchor Hall, that formerly graced Fifty-sixth Street. I have never visited the Första Svenska Baptist Kyrkan, in East Fifty-fifth Street, or the Excelsior Handball Club.

PARIS

Many American rugs come from Paris

EVERY so often I plan to take up residence in Ludlow Street but have, as yet, done nothing about it. I am not a patron of Silver's Cafeteria in the Mills Hotel. I believe Delmonico's to have been the town's first and last fashionable restaurant.

I am sorry that Beefsteak Charlie's is not more reposeful, and that the Park Avenue Hotel, with its *al fresco* Palm Court and nineteenth-century waiters, is no more. I believe the best-appointed taxicab in town is that belonging to Sam Flashner, whose hack badge is A-15206.

I am fetched by the little spot of green that is known as Prospect Place Park, at the easternmost tip of Forty-second Street, the wooden Indian in front of Stein's tobacco shop in Seventh Street, the brunette curls of Claudette at Veroni's, the weather-battered casks at the Zumbrauhaus, and the flickering lamp lights on a December eve in Tompkins Square. Of the department-store restaurants I hand the winning

Café de la Paix. Mr. Murray recognizes a girl he played deck tennis with

number to Wanamaker's. My favorite pie emporium is Dean's.

I consider St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie to be Second Avenue's most pleasing edifice, and West Broadway one of the city's dreariest lanes. I deplore the removal of the bronze owls that winked their electric eyes through the night from the cornice of the Herald Building. I like the watering trough at the south end of Cooper Square.

This girl will do your portrait for ten francs. The answer is "No"

It is only on the rarest occasions that I visit the Museum of Fossil Botany at the Bronx Botanical Garden. My best-beloved bridge is the Manhattan. I am charmed by the exterior of St. Paul's Chapel, that dignifies Broadway between Fulton and Vesey Streets, and the décor of the Chambers Street vestibule in the Hall of Records. I know of no Gotham thoroughfare on which a pedestrian is thoroughly safe.

I have not visited Governor's Island for a good eighteen years, but will every now and then take a jaunt along Edgecombe Avenue. I believe the most beautiful girls in town are to be encountered more often in the Fifties than in any other given section. I know of only one good eating-house in Columbus Avenue.

I miss the blare of the German brass bands that once made gay our holiday mornings, the hansom-cab stand that enflanked Madison Square, Tony Pastor's in Fourteenth Street, the Sunday "brushes" on the Speedway, Considine's bar across from the Hotel Knickerbocker, the brownstone fronts along lower Fifth, the open-air balcony at the Savoy, and the downstairs room at Mouquin's.

I BELIEVE New York offers a greater variety of interests than any other city on the map, yet I am likewise of the opinion that it is the unhappiest of cities for anyone without an occupation. I can never look at Grant's Tomb without thinking of a charlotte russe. I prefer Greenwich Village to Greenwich Villagers.

I look upon Manhattan's suburbs as infinitely inferior to those of any other metropolis and am always saddened whenever I have to pass through Yonkers. For a peaceful repast I commend to your attention the Restaurant Cyrano. I am highly doubtful as to the allegations of certain Third Avenue antique dealers.

I have repeatedly been informed by globe-trotters that one seldom beholds a cheerful countenance on New York's streets, whereas abroad it is all very different. I do not subscribe to this opinion for a minute. I like the row of little private houses that adorns East Fifty-second Street, and the *filet en brochette* with *sauce Béarnaise* at the Polignac. I do not believe the traffic problem will ever be completely solved.

I have never used the Free Public Baths at Avenue A and Fourth Street. I have always steered clear of all musical mornings at the Plaza. I am not an habitué of the Jolly Friars. I have no wish to be a member of the Matteawan Social League.

—CHARLES G. SHAW

The Coupole—where your café filtré is brought by a dark man in silk pants

DAGUERREOTYPE

"WELL," she said, "it's nice of you to bother about an old lady. I haven't seen you for a dog's age. Sit down. Take that chair over there, but be careful of the leg. It used to belong to your Great-uncle Willie."

I sat down cautiously, and there was a silence. She rocked, and fanned herself with a palm-leaf fan. It occurred to me I hadn't seen a rocking chair or a palm-leaf fan for years. The little apartment was as white and antiseptic as a scientific dairy and her enormous old furniture, shapeless under its summer covers, reminded me of a herd of elderly and uncomfortable cattle. Our common ancestors stared down from the wall with removed and dusty nobility. The apartment fixtures—the crystal chandelier, the gilt radiator, the bevelled mirror over the fireplace—were bright impertinences.

"YOU look like your father," she said at length, "except of course your father was handsomer. Men *were* handsomer in those days. They knew how to dress and they had manners."

There didn't seem to be much to say to that.

"Nobody has any manners any more. Nor any morals either for that matter. Just money. Did I tell you about the man who came up to buy your Great-grandpapa's portrait?"

"No," I said.

"Your Aunt Elizabeth sent him—a dreadful man, my dear, and simply rotten with money. Esberg, Weisberg, something like that. He's taken Sarah Gracie's old place in Madison Avenue and he's filling it with the most appalling rubbish. Sarah must be simply spinning in her grave. Well, he came up to look at the picture—I had to get rid of a lot of things when I took this apartment—but he didn't just *look* at it. I wouldn't have minded that. He took out some kind of a little glass and went over every inch of it. He stood on a chair."

I murmured sympathetically and she went on.

"'My dear, good man,' I said, 'you don't really suppose for one minute that I'm trying to cheat you, do you?' My dear, it didn't faze him at all. What do you suppose he said?"

"What?"

"He said he didn't think I was trying to cheat him *intentionally*, but that it might be a copy without my even knowing about it. The idea! 'My dear, good man,' I said, 'that picture has been in our family more than a hundred years and if I couldn't find out it was a copy in that time, I really don't see how a comparative *foreigner*—' Just that. That was all I said, but it settled him all right. He didn't say another word. He just put his nasty little glass in his pocket and went away."

I looked up at Great-grandpapa's portrait with new respect.

"Who did paint it?" I asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea," she said. "It came to me with a lot of other things when Father's estate was settled. But I certainly wasn't going to tell *him* that." —WOLCOTT GIBBS

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OF ALL THINGS

WE feel pretty peevish over the flood of foreign protests against the Hawley bill. Growling about the tariff rates is an American industry and should be protected against the pauper growlers of Europe.

•

According to the Wickersham plan, prohibition is to be enforced by a simple division of labor. The national government will keep liquor out of the states and the states will keep it out of the citizens.

•

Mayor Walker accepted the invitation of several hundred prominent citizens, and consented to run again. Not one of the callers remembered to bring a feather to knock himself over with.

•

La Guardia's boom for mayor is now being given a tryout. If it fails to click, Koenig will choose to run a straight Republican. Or practically straight.

•

A fifty-eight-story building is to be erected at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street. We optimists believe that some day this desolate region will again know the sound of human footsteps and the smell of gasoline.

•

Lovers of literature are enthusiastic about the current installment of the great Whalen mystery story. Its charming title is, "The Murder in the Hotsy Totsy."

•

If our Commissioner is still interested in traffic relief, he will henceforth transfer his police officials in the middle of the night. Nothing clogs up the streets more than a herd of ponderous lieutenants going to and fro or vice versa.

•

Ambassador Dawes touched his lips to the passing wine cup at a luncheon in Vintners' Hall. This means that he can never be kissed by the Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

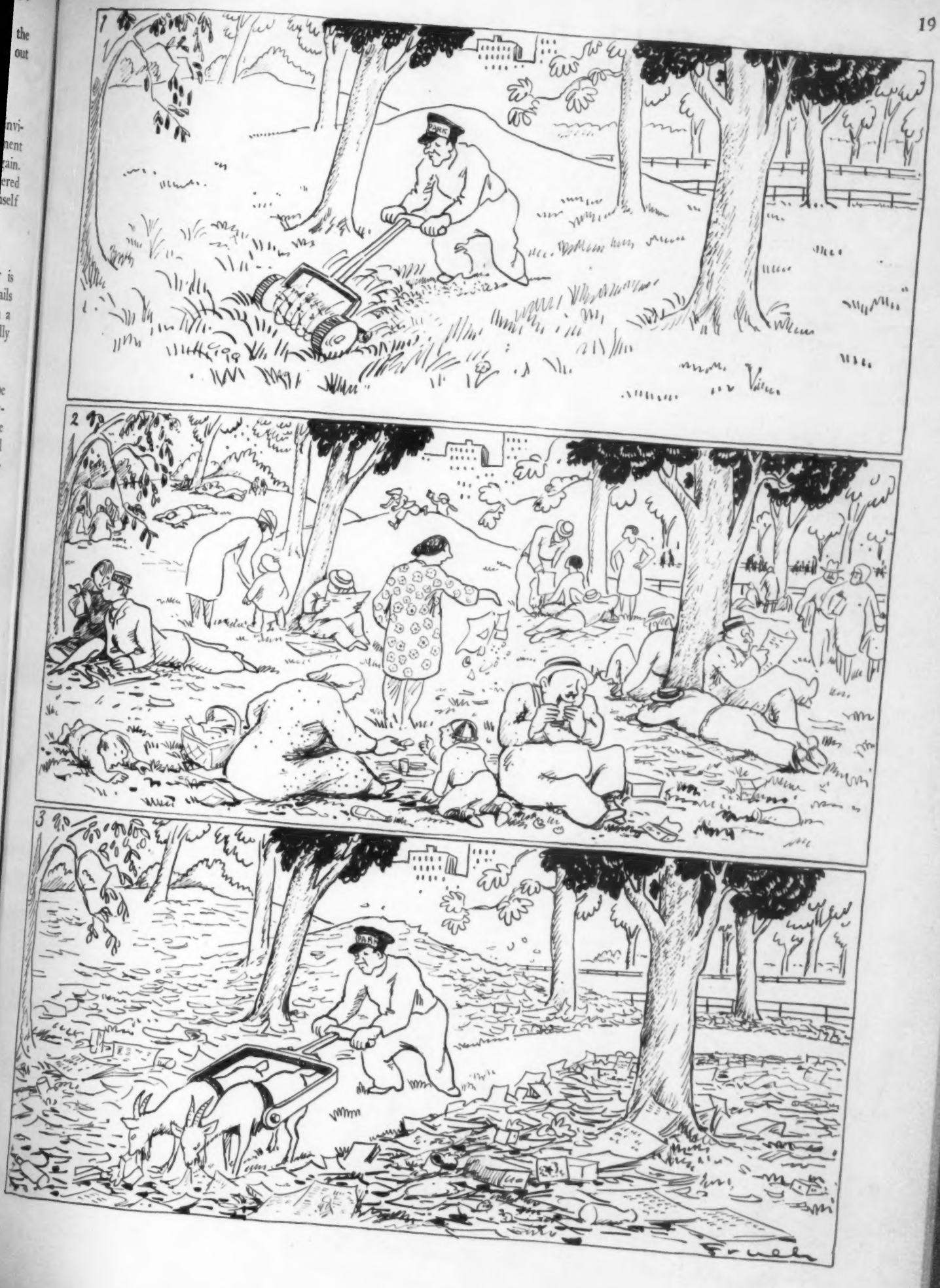
•

Proust's novel, "The Captive," has been published in America. The issue opened at three dollars, but it has not as yet been admitted to the Boston Curb.

•

Cyril Tolley, British golfer, won a five-thousand-dollar suit for damages against a chocolate company because of an advertisement which seemed to reflect upon his amateurism. Problem for homework: is he now an amateur or pro and how much?

—HOWARD BRUBAKER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PROFILES

A DOWNTOWN GABRIEL

PARISHIONERS of Dean Randolph Ray, rector of the Little Church Around the Corner, say that if he had not been a clergyman he could have been an actor. You could make the same statement of many other clerics, for persons of dramatic ability have been and still are so numerous in his profession that they have come to constitute a traditional type. As applied to Dean Ray, however, the observation is not superficial. He speaks like an actor, goes to the theatre often, has acted in amateur shows, and is the friend of many stage people.

I don't want to make too much of this. Another quality just as characteristic as his taste for the theatre was summed up by a young woman who was taken by some friends to a dinner party in the rectory of the Little Church Around the Corner without having previously met the Dean.

"As soon as I saw him, I knew that we were going to have a good dinner."

It is easy to see how Dean Ray gave his guest this idea. His bearing and appearance are not ascetic. He is tall, plump, bland, and dignified; he has thin hair, a short nose, small blue eyes, and a long upper lip. In any gathering, a certain intimacy in his manner softens the more exacting dignity distinguishing, on Sundays, his ringing aphorisms from the pulpit. During the day much of his time is taken up in marrying the couples who come to his church in rapid succession, yet he investigates so carefully all marriages at which he is asked to officiate that eloping couples joined by him have as much prestige as if they had been married more formally, uptown. For this and other reasons it is said in church circles that no rector was ever better fitted than Dean Ray to uphold the social importance of the Little Church Around the Corner.

DEAN RAY'S wife, the granddaughter of Dean Hoffman, one of the most prominent New York prelates of the nineties, was a friend of the daughter of the late Dr. Houghton, the Dean's predecessor in the downtown parish. While Ray was in the seminary he met Dr. Houghton and attended his services, and decided at the time that Dr. Houghton's parish was a desirable and attractive one. He confided this opinion to one or two clergymen who also knew Houghton, and who may have said a word to him in Ray's behalf, for one day on a train leaving some religious conference the Bishop of Western Missouri told the Dean that Dr. Houghton had picked him as his successor.

Dean Randolph Ray

It is often in some such way as this that important Episcopal parishes are passed from one man to another. Ray was familiar with the method, but he could hardly have expected its successful results—anyway, not so soon. The only son of a Mississippi cotton planter, he had gone to Emory and Henry College in Virginia and then come north to study some profession suitable for a gentleman—he was not sure what. He thought at first it might be medicine, but an afternoon spent at Bellevue with some fellows from Emory and Henry who were internes there put an end to that idea. The possibility of working in a place filled with the physical details of suffering and death frightened and shocked him. For a while he studied law at Columbia, where he joined a clique of artistic young men who were inspired with admiration for the late Professor Brander Matthews. Matthews was nice to him. When Ray decided that the difficulty and dullness of law made it, though cleaner, almost as unpleasant as medicine, the Professor gave him a letter to the editor of one of Munsey's magazines. Ray became a writer and worked for Mr. Munsey for a while and later for the Brooklyn *Eagle* and a clothing trade-paper called *Nugent's Bulletin*, writing whatever the editors of these various publications suggested to him in the way of fillers and special articles.

During this time of varying and not very successful pursuits he had acquired an interest in the theatre. He made friends with actors and spent his holidays with them and himself acted in amateur theatricals. No marked change affected this interest even when he withdrew from Brooklyn journalism to study for orders in the General Theological Seminary. Apparently his sudden decision to become a clergyman was not motivated by any crisis in his own life. He had been thinking for quite a while that the church would be a more satisfying profession than those he had been trying. Reading some of Browning's poetry about worldly churchmen who made converts and inspired faith in spite of their faults made him decide that even without inspiration he might become an able worker in a figurative vineyard. His new ambition did not mean retirement from the world. While he studied at the seminary he shared two rooms with an artist in the Hotel Grenoble and cultivated an English accent with a view—he now facetiously admits—to its effect in his sermons. At Christmas time the seminary students gave a play and dressed him up in a sheet and wings as Gabriel.

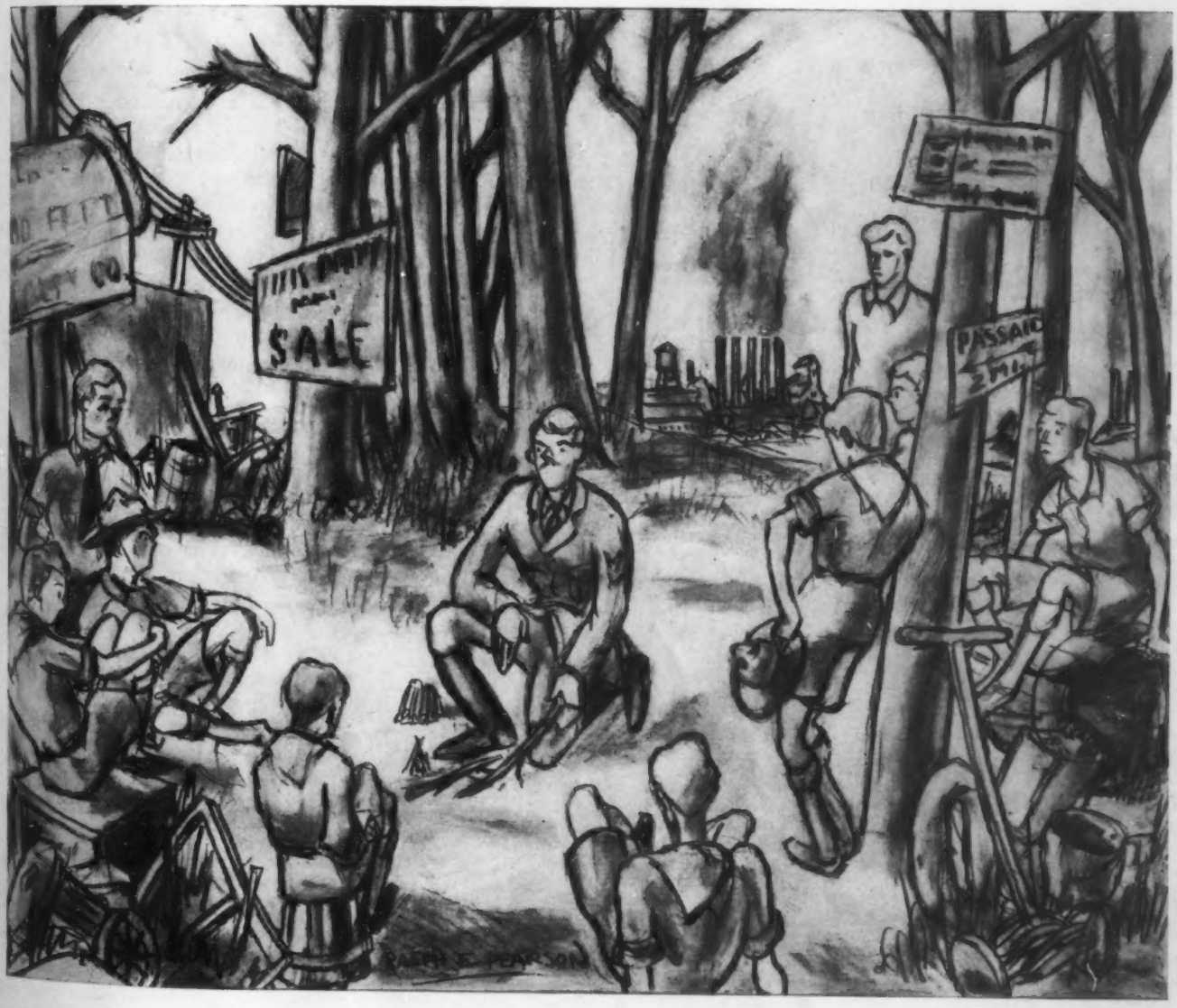
NOT being able to go to the theatre any more or act in amateur plays was one of the things that made life hard for him after he had been ordained, and, in due course, sent to Bryan, Texas, as chaplain of an agricultural college. For some reason he had never tried to act professionally—perhaps because he did not want to spoil his pleasure in the stage by making it responsible for another disappointment. He had, however, taken part in undergraduate musical comedy at Columbia and later been a Greek soldier, without pay, in "Euripides" with the Ben Greet players. There were no such activities in Bryan. The students there talked about pigs, cattle, and manure. They got bored if you read them a sermon; you had to reel it off from notes, as though you were making it up.

By degrees he made the students at Bryan get used to him. It was the hardest thing he had ever done and it would have been hard for a smarter man than Randolph Ray. For a long time his only contact with his former interests was the occasional visits of stock companies to a town near Bryan. Whenever one of these shows visited the town, the chaplain of the veterinaries' college drove over to the theatre and invited the actors to have dinner with him. Meanwhile his reputation as a preacher was growing. He was transferred to the Cathedral of St. Matthew in Dallas and given the title of "Dean" which he still uses. During the war there was an aviation camp at Dallas to which, among other recruits, came some actors. He persuaded a few of them to come to the social affairs he organized, and one night Earl Carroll directed an amateur show in his parish house.

By 1923, when he got his appointment to the Little Church Around the Corner, he was already fairly well known.

HE took his new duties in the light of a reward which God had sent him to compensate for the difficult years away from the East. There was a superstition in the New York parish that the rectors of the Church Around the Corner died as soon as they had appointed their successors. By a coincidence, it worked out again now. Dr. Houghton died three days after Ray's arrival and the new rector was left alone to marry the couples who came to the church at all hours. At first the romantic atmosphere of elopements invited his sense of the dramatic and he performed wedding ceremonies rapidly and without asking questions beforehand, like a rector in an eighteenth-century play. After one or two incidents in which parents protested against this method he adopted his present caution. If he suspects that bride or groom is under age, he calls mothers or guardians on the telephone, insisting on written consent, or on the presence of some member of the family. Sometimes, of course, a runaway débutante or college boy manages to fool him, as last year, when a girl introduced as her uncle a dignified, sunburned man who turned out later to have been the captain of her father's yacht. In 1928 six hundred couples were turned away from his church but more than two thousand were married there. One day when his assistants were sick Ray joined thirty-nine pairs by himself.

Before Ray's rectorship the pastors of the Little Church Around the Corner had obeyed the rules of the Church against marrying divorced people but had conveyed the impression that, out-



"Now remember, fellows, here we are way up north of Georgian Bay without a match."

side of this, they would marry almost anyone. The church had become a centre for marriages in 1870, when a now-famous incident brought it to public attention.

Few people nowadays have not heard how Joseph Jefferson went to a Fifth Avenue prelate to arrange the funeral of a fellow actor and how—when he was told that the Fifth Avenue church did not bury actors, but that a little one around the corner did—Joseph Jefferson raised his hand and in his best dramatic manner invited God to bless the little church around the corner. This episode created so much sentiment for the church that such actors as Amelia Bingham, Maurice Barrymore, Edwin Booth, and Richard Mansfield became parishioners. Rich people donated chapels, pictures, and stained-glass windows. Between 1870 and 1920 fifty thousand couples were married there, and by the time Ray took Dr. Houghton's place the yearly average had risen from one thousand to two thousand and is still increasing.

OFFICIATING at so many weddings brought a problem into the Dean's life which up to that time he had not considered. Every wedding meant a fee for him—from one dollar to five hundred, depending on the groom's means, and on what he felt like giving; sometimes a crumpled bill, sometimes silver, sometimes gold pieces in a special chamois bag slipped deftly into the clergyman's hand at parting. Although these fees at the Little Church amounted to twenty-five thousand dollars a year—an average of twelve and a half dollars per wedding—they presented no problem to Ray until one day a waiter in a restaurant observed to him that the best-dressed people gave the smallest tips, and asked him if he had not found this so in the clerical profession. . . . Tips? This odd definition of the fees offered and received so undemonstratively was emphasized a little later when a rich gentleman who was chief mourner at a funeral pressed a folded bill against Ray's palm as he shook hands with him at the end of the obsequies. It was a conventional thing to do, but the chief mourner added unconventionally, in a tone clearly audible to all the other mourners, "Buy yourself some cigars."

Ray blushed furiously but took the bill. Later he sent it back. The chief mourner then forwarded the same amount by cheque with a letter in which he apologized for his inconsiderate phrase about the cigars and telling the Dean to use the money for anything at all. Ray kept the cheque and informed the donor that he had turned it over to "community interests." He now makes it plain generally that money so obtained will not be used to support him personally, but is for the parish.

"Quiet! Graham McNamee's describing Niagara Falls."

DEAN RAY lives in a pleasant gray stone building in Twenty-ninth Street, next to his church. He writes letters and attends to weddings, funerals, and christenings in the morning, goes for little walks and pays calls and performs other parish duties and more weddings in the afternoon, and in the evening has people to dinner or dines out and goes to the theatre, or stays at home and goes to sleep. He dislikes exercise and cold water, cannot remember names, and keeps his weight down by working in the garden in a rubber corset on his hundred-and-thirty-acre place at Litchfield. It takes him a week, in the intervals between his other duties, to compose his sermons. His favorite theme is that no matter how insuperable seem the odds against a man, they can be overcome by courage. He thinks Compton Mackenzie is the greatest living author, and is also fond of detective fiction and the writings of Mrs. Wharton. He eats a lot, and likes foods that are highly seasoned, such as old Roquefort cheese—the older the better.

If these details, lumped together, make him seem like a medieval friar in modern clothes, it

should be recorded that he lacks at once the hearty sensuality and the capacity for spite depicted in Chaucer's churchmen, and that he has tolerance and social tact, two virtues which are peculiar to highly civilized people. He is a good host and an agreeable guest; although he no longer acts in amateur theatricals, he keeps up his connection with the stage in other ways. He belongs to the Lambs and the Players and is one of the founders of an organization called the Episcopal Actors Guild, the purpose of which is to raise money for sick actors, and to encourage young ones. George Arliss, Otis Skinner, Grant Mitchell, E. H. Sothern, and Daniel Frohman are friends of his; he prepared the Astaires for confirmation, and baptized Peggy Wood's children. Sometimes he has Mrs. Fiske to tea. He is on good terms with Dr. Guthrie of St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie and with Otto Kahn, whom he often meets at first nights and whom he asks for help when organizing his occasional campaigns to raise money for his parish.

BESIDES his interest in the stage he differs from most other Episcopal high churchmen in his anxiety about our future here on earth. The Bible, to be sure, provides certain assurances regarding that part of the future which presumably follows death, but it gives man no way of finding out what lies ahead during his corporeal lifetime. Accordingly Dean Ray has turned for help to Mrs. Evangeline Adams, the astrologer, whom he has known for twenty years. He met her when, newly ordained, he was about to go out to Texas to the agricultural college and was wondering how his future in the ministry was going to work out. When Mrs. Adams set up an establishment a few blocks from a hotel where he was staying, he paid her five dollars to predict his future. Mrs. Adams asked him the date of his birth and a few other questions and then began to prophesy.

OUR CONSCIENTIOUS COPS

The radiant Patrolman "Smiling Oscar" O. Hettler, Shield No. 3974, has been at the corner of Lafayette and Grand for twenty years, brightening it. He always looks after the children, and they all like him.

• •

"You are going on a trip," she said in a low voice, "a long, long trip. It will turn out well, but not the way you think, because . . . something is going to happen. Something is going to happen to somebody very dear to you. You will return from your trip. I can see that. You will return to the place from which you started. Later you will occupy a position of importance in a great community."

When he got home Dr. Ray wondered how she had known that he was going on a trip. He was further amazed at her clairvoyance when his father—obviously the dear person referred to—died of a stroke of paralysis a short time later. Certainly her statements about returning from his trip and occupying a position of importance must have meant coming back to New York from Texas as rector of the Little Church Around the Corner. Since that first séance he has consulted Mrs. Adams often. When she married a chap named Arnold he performed the ceremony in his church. She has foretold all that will happen to him and his wife and daughter. So thoroughly does Dean Ray understand and admire Mrs. Adams' theories that when they are questioned he frequently defends them.

"If the moon has an influence on the tides, as we all know it has, I really don't see why the other planets might not influence our lives, do you?"

Since any answer to this question seems unnecessary, Dean Ray does not expect one. From his neat desk in his little study he stares out of the window as though to pierce beyond the pink silk curtains the sombre mysteries that bound the lives of comfortable vicars.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

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DEGENERATION

Proof of the Pitiful Decline of Robustness the World Over, As Chronicled in the Current Press

LOCALE	DEGENERATED ITEM	NATURE OF DEGENERATION
Olympia, Wash.	Plug tobacco	Now flavored with prune juice.
Venice	Gondoliers	Now singing jazz music.
Chicago	Telephone poles	Will hereafter be painted mauve.
Moscow	Russians	Imbibing only forty per cent of ante-bellum vodka consumption.
Memphis	Hot dogs	Now prepared with detachable skins of waxed paper.
Tokio	Warships	Have been re-designated by the government with poetic names.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

A REPORTER AT LARGE

GOD BLESS OUR GIN MILL

THE enthusiasm for installing bar-rooms in the home has created a new antique market. An authentic bock-beer sign with a well-preserved goat and foaming beer mug is worth about fifty dollars. Swinging saloon doors of leaded glass, which were worth about twenty dollars before prohibition, have been selling around two hundred dollars. A lithographed brewery calendar with a radiant brewery sweetheart, whose eyes follow you all over the room, is worth a fortune. A wainscoting with genuine bottle scars and authentic rat holes ranks as priceless Americana.

When prohibition became the law of the land ten years ago, most of the bars were destroyed. Mirrors were removed, footrails sold for the brass, and the mahogany stripped off and converted into antique furniture. One of the Hoffman House bars, polished by the elbows of two or three generations of New York's leading drinkers, was rescued by a country club, while the other one, after a career in speakeasies and sandwich bars, is now said to be in a Yonkers soda-parlor. One of Sherry's went to a country club, and the other was shipped to Cuba. Masterpieces of drinking furniture that cost twenty thousand dollars were sold for about a cent on the dollar. The six stein-worn bars of Niblo's Gardens, battered until they gave a perfect eighteenth-century effect, were snapped up by cabinet-makers and turned into Chippendales and Heppelwhites.

Thousands of "Temptations of St. Anthony" were shown on the art market. The learned eremite's resistance to well-nourished and rather brazen temptations was the leading decorative motif in the better bars. "The Nymphs and the Satyr" was the second most popular subject, followed by "Phryne Before the Tribunal," "Actaeon Surprising Diana," and "David and Bathsheba." Good examples of the art of the best drinking period have disappeared from the large cities. Many drifted to small towns, and drummers report that St. Anthony is giving his celebrated exhibition of self-defence at every cross-roads.

NEARLY all bar manufacturers found other occupations. William Spiegel, a broad-faced, broad-bodied man, could think of nothing else to do and stuck to his bar business in the Bowery, in spite of three years of cruel losses. In three years, however, speakeasy proprietors had established cordial relations with the authorities. Permanent fixtures could be installed. Bars began to reappear, and the be-

"SHOW GIRL"

The brooding visage in the background of this picture belongs to Jimmie Durante, whose madcap humor dominates the rather cluttery spectacle at the Ziegfeld. He is abetted by the two lively fellows below: on the left, Lou Clayton; on the right, Eddie Jackson.

For Halcyon Days

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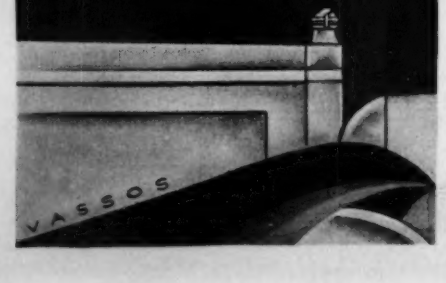
Ask the man who owns one

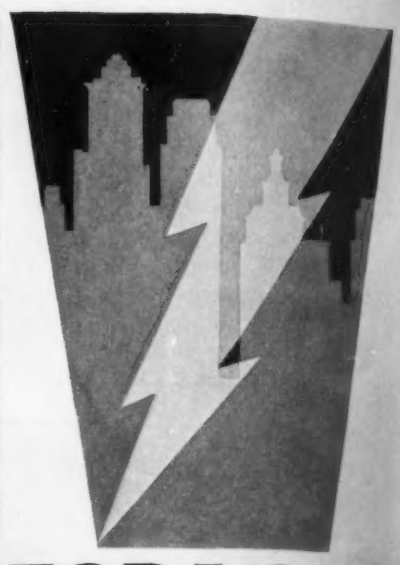


reaved foot of the drinking public, after groping vainly for three years, came to rest again on the brass rail. Spiegel, the only surviving bar manufacturer, soon had his men working day and night. When the fashion arrived of putting completely appointed gin mills in the home, he had to build new factories. Mr. Spiegel now maintains forty circulating bars which are installed for a night or a weekend. They arrive with mirrors all soaped up for index-finger inscriptions and landscapes. Mr. Spiegel also delivers a sack of sawdust.

Pre-Volstead bars of small size are in demand, but there is no market for the colossal bars and back bars, because few private homes have room for them. But prohibition is having its effect on domestic architecture. The new houses are being planned with more commodious drinking quarters, and the giant old mahoganies, the high altars of Americanism, will probably soon command large premiums. The trend has been in favor of reproducing the guzzling arrangements of the grimmest Bowery and waterfront models. The place should be lighted by gas lamps, and as much gas pipe as possible exhibited on the wall. The brass cuspidors should be somewhat crumpled, as if by settling arguments. Some hostesses, who maintain correct establishments in other respects, draw the line at sawdust because it tracks about the other rooms. One interior decorator has tried to meet this difficulty by grinding up cork and cementing it to the floor so that it looks and feels a little like sawdust, but does not cling to the shoes.

ONE trick barroom was inspired by those revolving bookcases which used to swallow up the leading lady and half the cast in the melodramas of a few years ago. The library walls in this case had literature on one side, gin and rye on the other. Another library of two thousand stately volumes has not so much as settled a bet in five years; it is merely a vestibule for the bar. Guided by an antique street lamp in one corner of this library, and the smell of Bismarck herring, the guest makes his way to a swinging door and enters a Bowery rum shop of the five-cent-whiskey period. The walls form a panorama in oils of the beauty and chivalry of the day sitting at pine tables and taking their refreshment.

One of the apartment houses in Park Avenue is crowned by a western



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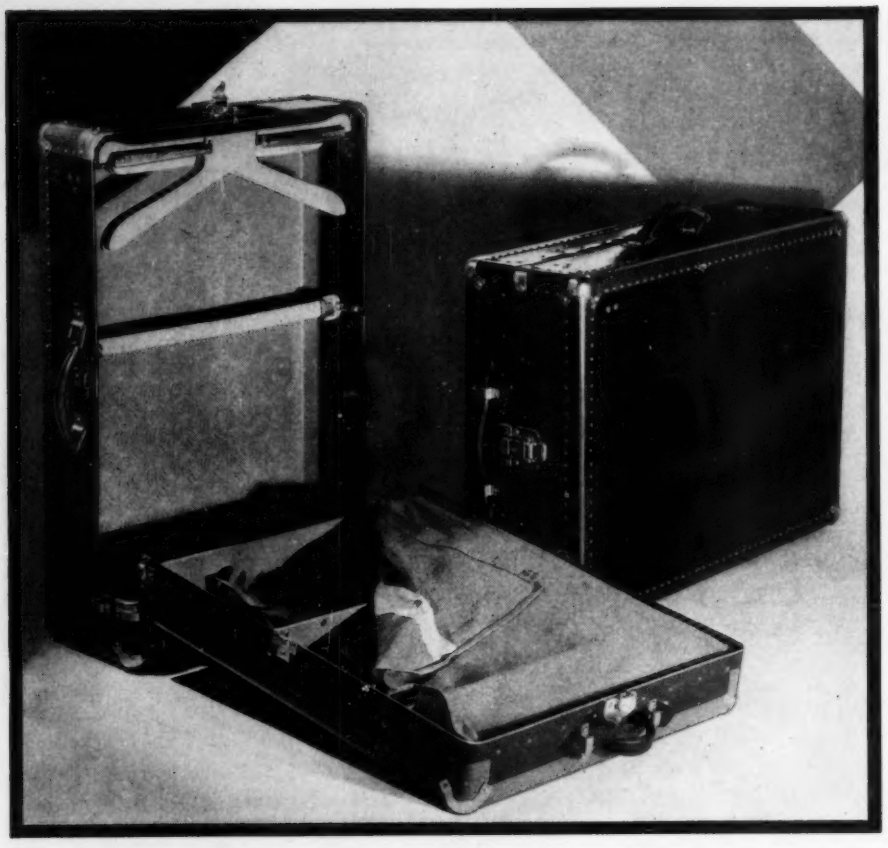
It is because of their faith in the Lincoln that its makers urge upon every Lincoln owner the most extensive use of his car this summer . . . knowing that it will make its sure and rich return of pleasure . . . of satisfaction . . . of loyalty.

THE LINCOLN



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saloon with rough beams and rafters and badly shot-up floor, bar, mirror, and lamps—the kind of an interior that William S. Hart used to pile high with Mexican corpses. The wall of rough-hewn timber is pierced by one window that looks out on a multiple hanging. One of the oldest and most popular bars in New York City is in the home of a judge. He installed it eight or nine years ago when his foot was on the first rung of the judicial ladder, and has kept open house most of the time since then. The hospitable young jurist was hoisted upward from court to court until he is now an ornament of the higher judiciary. Lately, it is said, he has begun to feel his ermine. He is facing a serious dilemma. If he closes the bar, his veteran guests will think that he is high-hatting them; if he continues it, people are bound to say, "That fellow's the worst rowdy on the whole bench." It is said that he is planning to move into a new apartment without a bar under the pretext that he is thinking about the welfare of his children.

On top of an apartment house in the Washington Square section is a private barroom which is virtually a midnight branch of the city government, an important municipal institution that is not mentioned in the city charter. It is frequented by all the Colonel Houses of the present city administration and by many local statesmen who can think more clearly when they have both feet in the sawdust. Many of the regular guests, however, take mineral water.

SOME of the home taprooms are decorated to give an outdoor effect. An elaborate and well-patronized one is in the home of a stockbroker in Westchester County. Life-sized ladies from *Godey's Lady's Book*, escorted by period escorts, promenade on the wall opposite to the bar against a background of lower Broadway in 1860. The bar and tables are covered by a large striped awning. A bit of lawn and a white rail fence separate the bar from the street scene. It was an unused room that was fitted up in this way; now the rest of the house is more or less neglected.

People who have no feeling for the old traditions have permitted interior decorators to install futuristic drinking fixtures with chrome-nickel footrails, bars of colored glass and blood-sausage marble, black and gold landscapes on the walls, where blue nymphs gambol with piebald satyrs. Here you will

probably find macaroons and glacé fruits in the free-lunch bins.

Closets have been fitted up into microscopic pothouses in many small apartments. One of the big hardware houses invented last year a collapsible bar with a brass rail which stretches out to a length of five feet but folds up like an ironing-board and can be put away in the corner of a closet. An interior decorator has invented a still smaller boudoir groggery. This feminine bar has a cerise body with marshmallow-pink trimmings and a section of curtain-pole for a footrail. It also has an adjustable mirror in which the bartender can revise her makeup.

Mr. Spiegel says that the first home bar he installed was for the wife of a wealthy shoe manufacturer whose aim was not wholly to promote conviviality. She wanted to concentrate all the drinking in one ruggedly furnished room because she was tired of having Chinese vases smashed and rings etched on the piano and tables. Another woman, the bride of a lawyer, installed a home barroom as early as 1920. The Liebman brewery made them a present of the bar and fixtures, which were then nearly worthless. The lawyer's wife wanted him to stay at home, but she did not want to force him to break with his convivial friends, so they equipped a house with all the comforts of a speakeasy.

PROFESSIONAL bartenders may be engaged for the night or the weekend at agencies on the west side of Sixth Avenue between Forty-third and Forty-seventh Streets. Bouncers can probably be obtained there, too.

The finest line of glassware, strainers, shakers, and other minor drinking accessories is carried by the Kresge stores, and in patronizing them, you have the satisfaction of helping a noble cause, as Mr. Kresge is the largest contributor to the treasury of the dry movement. —ALVA JOHNSTON

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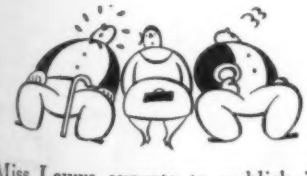

Miss Lewys expects to publish in the fall a hundred love sonnets she wrote to one man, seventy-one of them in one month. Her mother says she gets her verse by tuning in on the universe. Her lawyers are Charles Firestone and Daniel F. Cohalan.—*The World.*

Whose names, however, don't appear in the sonnets.

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Corner bedrooms cooled by salt water breezes, a living room 14'x22', dining alcove and four big closets and all outside rooms—in this 3-room apartment.

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The rooms are large and have wonderful views on all sides. There are plenty of closets; dining alcoves and every conceivable convenience. Drive out today and see these apartments. You'll love them.

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NERVE!

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FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, ... only

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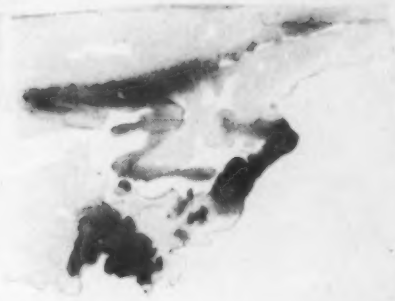
..in a cigarette it's TASTE!



"RIGHT," *you say*, "But what *is* taste?" ... Well... a beefsteak can be tough, tasteless, dry—or it can be tender, crisp, done to a turn, dripping with flavor. It depends mostly on who cooks it. A cigarette can be flat, over-sweet, heavy; or it can sparkle with spicy aroma and delicate tobacco flavors. It depends on the tobaccos, on who blends them—and *how!*

* * *

Taste a Chesterfield, and notice three things: the distinct and pleasing flavor, the fragrance and spiciness of the aroma, and, finally, that certain "something different" which we can only call "character." Tobacco flavor, tobacco aroma, tobacco character — good taste means all three. And all three are blended — and cross-blended, the standard Chesterfield method — into every shred of tobacco.

* * *

What you want in a cigarette is taste —and in Chesterfield you get it—

TASTE *above everything*

...field

...only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED

MILD... and yet
THEY SATISFY

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

"IM WESTEN, NICHTS NEUES"

WHEN good plays and true, like "Street Scene" and "Journey's End," are produced only after most of the managers have rejected them, the fact is so gloatingly trumpeted along Broadway that an impression goes abroad of the average impresario as indistinguishable from a congenital idiot. It seems only fair, then, to hint now and then that sometimes leaders in other fields of American emprise prove themselves imperceptive. For instance, there is occasional evidence that some of our publishers are not quite bright. At least three distinguished firms are now sick at having let slip through clumsy fingers their chance at the high honor and great profit of printing in this country the novel which is, glory be, the best-selling book in the world today, and which constitutes, I think, as noble a service to mankind as any pen has rendered in our time. I refer, of course, to "All Quiet on the Western Front," the German tale which closes a mighty hand on the neck of the squirming human race and instructively, punitively, rubs its nose in the war.

Remarque's story quite o'ertops its immediate predecessor, the beautiful play called "Journey's End." In a recent discourse, that doughty Yankee, George Jean Nathan, jeers at the "jolly well"s and "Oh, I say"s of "Journey's End" as effeminate—the most complete example of hick criticism, I suppose, since George Cohan, with equal virility, dismissed the British officers as weaklings because the big nances wore their watches on their wrists. The real weakness of "Journey's End" is its limitation to the officer stratum, its self-confinement to a picture of the British governing class magnificently taking its medicine, its almost ingenuous feeling that the peak of its tragedy is adequately expressed in the announcement that "six men and Osborne" have been killed on the raid. "All Quiet" is the larger work because it does care more about the six men.

It could not have been written for us by any mere observer, however sensitive, gifted, or acute. To savor that fact you have only to contrast this German writer's story with, to take an extreme instance, the invertebrate war book written by the foremost American novelist. For, compared with Erich Remarque's story, Willa Cather's "One of Ours" stands the more clearly revealed as almost impertinently paltry. No, "All Quiet" could have been written only by a soldier, indeed only by an infantryman, and furthermore only by one who, through four years in the front line, knew not only the war's shattering violence but its destroying and inexpressible weariness. For such a story, the battered infantrymen of all the armies have been waiting now these many years.

WHEN the war was on, to those in the dread and reeking thick of it, it was literally unthinkable that mankind could ever repeat such measureless folly. I ask you to conceive their incredulous and contemptuous anger if, in 1918, a sardonic prophet could have foretold that when, at long last, their spokesman should arise and, for the sake of his own immortal soul and for the saving, perhaps, of their children's children, should tell their story to the world, the bustling busybodies of America would not let his burning words be heard here at all until some of those words had been rendered more polite. Such persons would interrupt a Savonarola to correct his grammar.

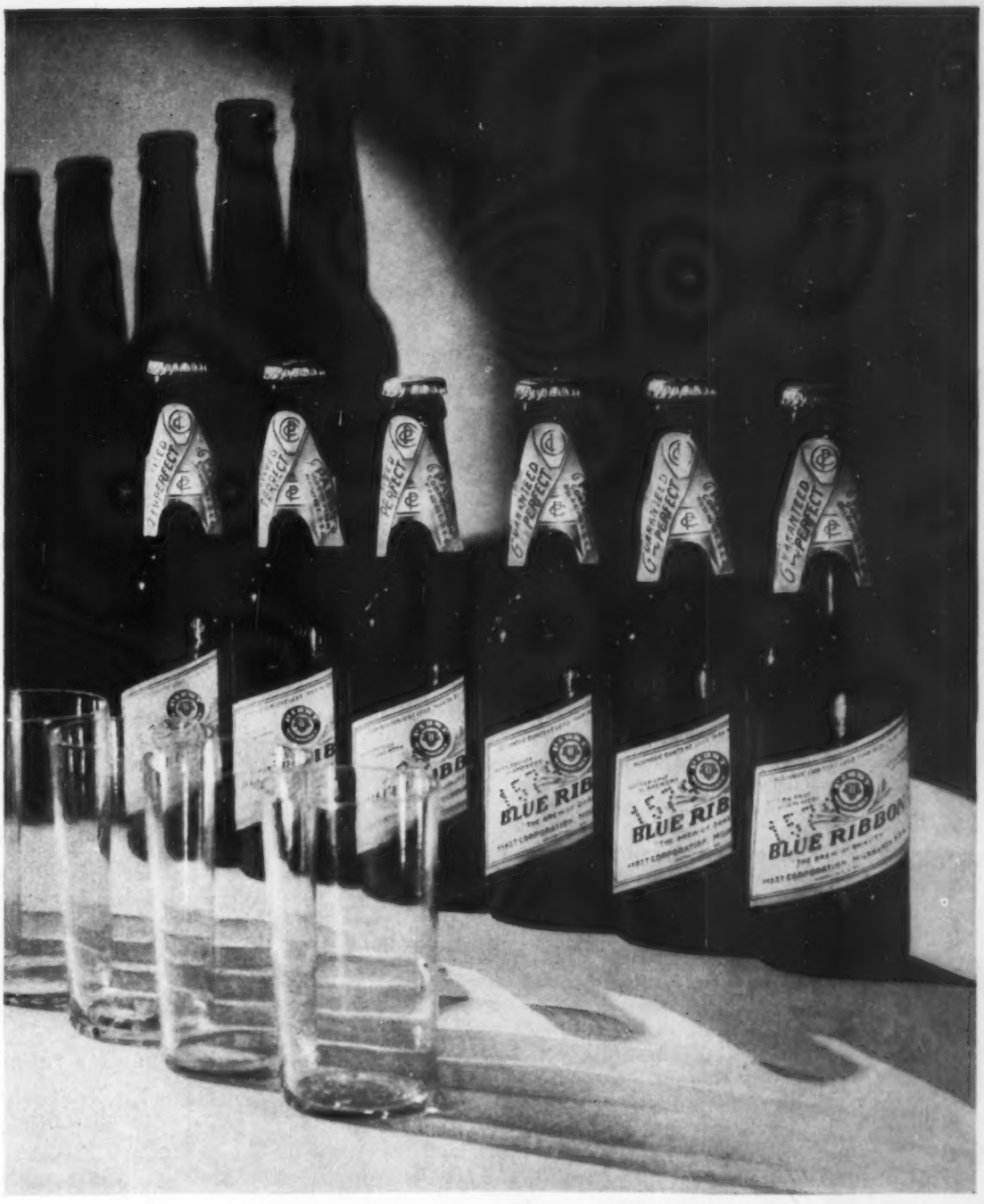
To be sure, the amount of expurgation to which Wheen's fine English translation was subjected by its apprehensive American publishers is inconsiderable. There have been a few verbal refinements, made for the sake of those worthies who used to feel that, by substituting "perspiration" for "sweat," they were somehow serving the eternal verities, but the only notable mutilation is the cutting out of the three-page hospital episode, wherein a wounded soldier is visited by his wife. His comrades, with fraternal delicacy, contrive a reunion for them in his bed in the crowded ward. This passage, so tender, so touching, so true, is, to my notion, one of the loveliest in modern literature. Seemingly the British authorities felt it could be published without wrecking the Empire, but in America that passage is contraband.

THUS mutilated, the book is still worth having, for the same reason that the Venus de Milo is worth having, and, to be honest about it, most of us would have counseled the publishers to proceed precisely as they did, because our organized forces of prudery are so energetic and, after all, the need for the book is too aching to allow the delay of its publication until America could become civilized enough to receive it. And we would have given them that counsel the more unreservedly because their headquarters happen to be in the nasty and silly city of Boston, where a printer, possessed of an unexpurgated text of "All Quiet," might reasonably fear that the local authorities would not suffer him to sell it at his own front door, and that the United States mails would never permit his shipping it for sale in less henpecked communities.

Yet even while grudgingly assenting to the expediency of the expurgation, we must all regret a lost opportunity to mount the barricades for so beautiful a book. So often the tocsin summons us to the defense of shoddily written truck like the now happily exonerated "Well of Loneliness," a tale told in fearful, movie-caption English, with such horrid recurrences of "Came the Spring" and "Came the Dawn," that we can thank only the peculiar biology of Miss Hall's theme for our being spared the locution "Came the Baby."

HOWEVER, if liberals everywhere have been cheated of an incomparable chance to enter the lists in behalf of what they must regard as Holy Writ, at least they may spread the news that the less finicky English text is being abundantly bootlegged into America and is on sale in many shops @ $7.50, a price which we must set down to the high cost of Sumnerism. One wonders if, after all, it would not be simpler for Congress, by another dandy Amendment, to forbid the publication of all books, and thereby stimulate the practice of reading in the Land of the Free.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT



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at the rivoli— united artists

one can get a load of acadians and dolores del rio going up and down the mississippi in "evangeline" a united artists craft laid down by longfellow

at the criterion

are africa's animals and hollywood's actors in"four feathers" . . . figure that out if you can . . . horse plumage by paramount?

at the paramount

is "river of romance" . . . still water running very deep with "buddy" rogers and mary brian canoodling on its glamorous surface. this stream flows from paramount . . . which also supplies paul ash and jesse crawford with band and organ . . . nice of them — isn't it?

luxurious and comfortable, these are

publix theatres

THE CURRENT CINEMA

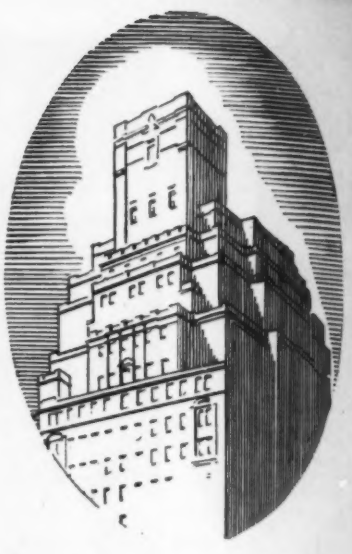
Peggy Wood Becomes a Talkie—Revenge

"WONDER OF WOMEN," which had its début at the Capitol, may not be a big commercial success throughout this laughter-hungry land of ours, yet it is a distinctly superior film, owing to the acting of Miss Peggy Wood. This is Miss Wood's first appearance on the screen, and her performance indicates a pleasant turn of fortune for that young matron. With a kind of sedate beauty—a beauty not at all showy, but very appealing—with a voice that overcomes the wild maneuverings of the talking mechanism, she appears equipped for a high place in the movie world.

As we say, the film may not draw crowds, because of the preference for light humorous pictures that prevails during these hot months. It's a tragic, unhappy story, from a novel by Sudermann, presenting the problems of a musician who loves and marries a respectable small-town widow with three children. The exigencies of this wedded life compel him to abandon the brilliant existence he had known, and his straining at the leash of middle-class routine brings about tragedy.

Lewis Stone plays the composer, and plays it well, but the rôle does not seem as difficult as Peggy Wood's less temperamental and theatrical part. The restraining wife is not a grateful rôle on the stage, nor possibly in real life—though in this case she is neither crank nor comic. Certainly Miss Wood's acting when she receives news of the death of one of her children, a beautifully directed scene, is one of the poignant moments in the movies. Her own death, too—there is no lack of tragedy, you perceive—is another telling scene, although the banal symbolism of the setting sun in the background appears unnecessary. That setting-sun business is old-fashioned now. We have begun to observe that Nature is not always so tactfully sympathetic, and also that in moments of great grief one is not inclined to look at the view.

Such devices are not preponderant in the picture, and they are well



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counterbalanced by the simplicity and pleasant naturalness of Peggy Wood's performance.

PURE theatre and nonsense, but nonsense diverting and amusing, are to be found in "The Mysterious Dr. Fu Manchu," now at the Rialto. This was made from the Sax Rohmer stories, and is all about the revenge of an Oriental. It is full of sliding panels, peering slant-eyed faces, poisoned darts, hypnotism, secret passages, all the appurtenances of melodrama. Unfortunately the picture is all-talking, and the dialogue does much to slow up the action. The material is more adapted to the dear old days of the silent film.

Incidentally, the bill at the Rialto is enlivened by two sprightly short pictures; one with Marc Connelly, and one with Eddie Cantor.

"LUCKY STAR," at the Roxy, is as woeful as "Wonder of Women," but without any of the latter's redeeming features. It's about a cripple, one of those cases, surprising to the medical profession, in which the patient recovers the use of his limbs at just the right moment to save his beloved from worse than death. The cure is too crudely handled to move even the most complacent, and long before it takes place, the talking sequences have done much to warp our sympathies. Both Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell should spend a greater proportion of their allowances on elocution teachers.

THE Russian film at the Cameo, "In Old Siberia," is of mild interest, and feebly imitative of the major Russian films.

It is more engrossing, grim as it is, than Eddie Leonard's "Melody Lane," which opened to sighs and yawns at the Globe. This is obviously a summer-season film—another backstage story of the love of a performer for his daughter. Though our reviews of the other pictures may suggest that they were derived from obituary columns and medical journals, we prefer them to this lugubrious merriment.

—J. C. M.

•

The establishment of a new $10,000,000 rayon plant at Covington, Ky., will make Virginia the leading state in the production of rayon.—*Johnstown (Pa.) Tribune.*

Yes, but how will it affect business in Oregon?

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Everything a home should have: quiet, spacious rooms, tall windows, fireplaces, a loggia and balconies, and wonderful closet space—you'll find all these in the 12-room simplex at 730 Park Avenue. Note the fine living room; its unusually good symmetry, with the four windows and fireplace placed as they are, suggests an interesting decorative scheme. And note the large loggia off two of the bedrooms. There are 18 large closets and plenty of servants' rooms.

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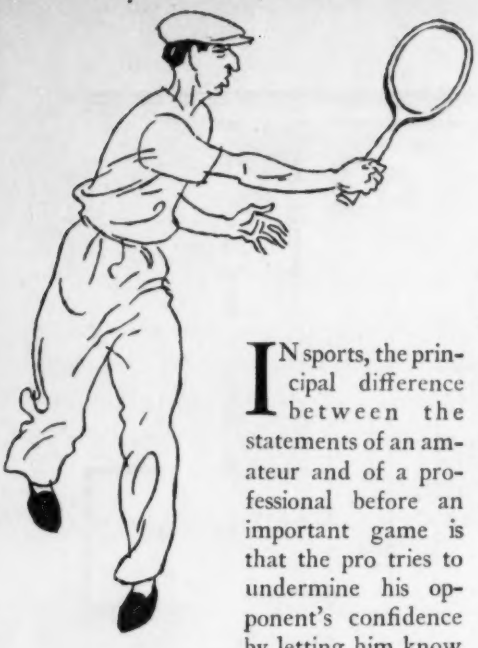
THE TENNIS COURTS

Those Last-Minute Dispatches — Fate and the Davis Cup—Some Experts Retire



Lacoste

IN sports, the principal difference between the statements of an amateur and of a professional before an important game is that the pro tries to undermine his opponent's confidence by letting him know what he is going to do to him, while the amateur belittles his own chances of winning in order to make the other man overconfident. Last year, the months preceding the Davis Cup challenge round witnessed a flood of reports from Paris picturing France's defenders as invalids, or so grievously off form as to stand no chance against the Americans. Cochet hasn't touched a racquet in weeks, Lacoste has retired from the courts, Lacoste is suffering from neuritis—such were the gloomy dispatches broadcast across the Atlantic in 1928. Anyone taking them at their face value would have believed that America was going to receive the Cup on a platter.

The same kind of gossip circulated this year, but without effecting any change in the odds, which were decidedly in favor of another French victory. This time, though, fate stepped in at the last moment to lend substance to the rumors. Unless René Lacoste miraculously recovers from the cold he contracted during a visit to Le Bourget, France enters the challenge round at considerably less than her full strength. Without her champion she has something to worry about, and that is a definite advantage to the Americans, who heretofore have done all the worrying.

HOWEVER, even with Lacoste out of the play, it is expected that the Cup will remain in Paris. Henri Cochet, the idol of France in 1928, stands ready to do his part, and he never played better tennis than he did at Wimbledon, where he was spurred on by a determination to redeem his unworthy performance in his own championship matches at Auteuil. In the challenge round it is Cochet's opponent who needs an incentive; for against Cochet at his best, no one can hope for victory who does not almost achieve the impossible feat of playing better than he knows how.

Also, France has Jean Borotra to fill the breach if Lacoste is missing. "A tired businessman too old to play tennis" was Borotra's description of himself last March. Then he went out on the Seventh Regiment courts; and according to Tilden, played the best tennis Tilden had ever seen him play. Three months later he was beating Cochet in Paris.

Tilden and Hunter

Tilden defeated Lacoste in the challenge round last year, and France won, 4–1. He may beat Borotra this week, but no one else is likely to. Neither Van Ryn and Allison nor any American combination quite rates as the equal of Borotra and Cochet. Experience counts for something in doubles. Van Ryn and Allison can be brilliant, but where is there a more spectacular combination than Borotra and Cochet?

BEFORE the interzone match with Germany, everyone took it for granted that Tilden and Lott would play in the singles, and either Van Ryn and Allison or Lott and Hennessey in the doubles. Then the official selections were announced, and the experts all decided to go out of business. If ever anything seemed reasonably certain it was that Lott would be used in the singles against Germany. Why he was sidetracked in favor of Hunter probably will remain a mystery until the team returns home, and even then it may not be cleared up so far as the public is concerned. That something of an untoward nature happened between the time the team reached Wimbledon and the day it arrived in Paris seems to be a logical conclusion to draw. When the team sailed from New York, Hennessey rated Lott the best singles man on the squad, bar none; and the Davis Cup officials also had a high opinion of him. That was evident from the fact that he was taken abroad even though the only time he played in the American zone was on the last day of the final round against Cuba.

That Tilden would be selected for the singles was not questioned, but Hunter's only chance of getting into the play was thought to rest upon his being named in the doubles with Tilden. His defeat by Austin in an early round at Wimbledon seemed to make Lott's appointment inevitable, and when Hunter and Tilden fell before Van

Cochet

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The Robin is a three-place monoplane, easy to handle and economical to fly. There are two models. The 90 h.p. Robin sells for $4,000. The 170 h.p. for $7,500. Both prices are FLYAWAY, St. Louis—where Robins are manufactured by Curtiss-Robertson Manufacturing Company.

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Ryn and Allison, who won the doubles championship, everyone agreed it was the end of Hunter's hopes.

Taking all these facts into consideration, one is bound to think that Lott was disciplined for some reason or other by being left off the team. It is not difficult to imagine his frame of mind. Last year he was named to play in the singles against Italy, only to be discarded in favor of Hunter and Hennessey after Tilden's eleventh-hour removal. Should Lott finally be kept out of the challenge round, it will not surprise me if he thinks twice before accepting an invitation to be a member of the squad in 1930.

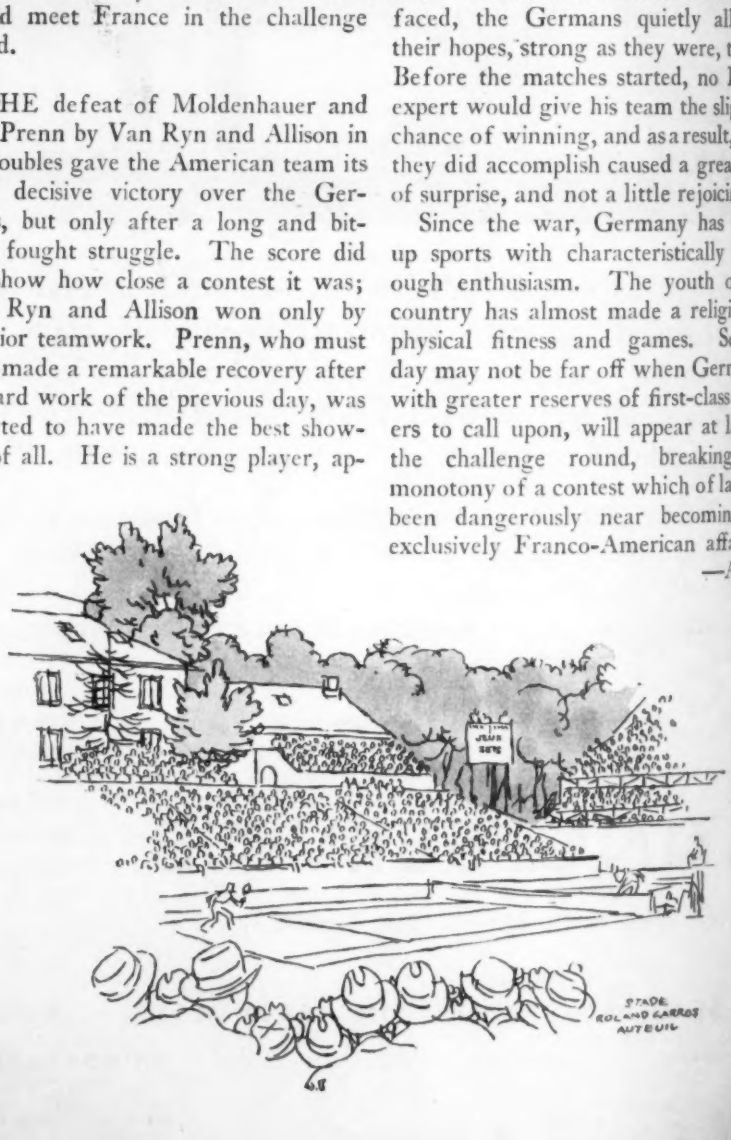
HUNTER's victory over Daniel Prenn on the opening day in Berlin must have been a great relief to Captain Fitz-Eugene Dixon. Had he made a poor showing, the critics would have had their hammers out with a vengeance. The experience that Hunter and Tilden have had playing at Berlin in the past served them in good stead, and their victories in the first two singles ended any doubts as to who would meet France in the challenge round.

THE defeat of Moldenhauer and Prenn by Van Ryn and Allison in the doubles gave the American team its third decisive victory over the Germans, but only after a long and bitterly fought struggle. The score did not show how close a contest it was; Van Ryn and Allison won only by superior teamwork. Prenn, who must have made a remarkable recovery after his hard work of the previous day, was reported to have made the best showing of all. He is a strong player, apparently a tireless one, with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of powerful smashes that either go entirely wild or hit in the court with a momentum that sends them far out of the reach of his opponents. He and Moldenhauer, as a matter of fact, had been called upon to serve in the doubles only two days before the match, probably as a result of their excellent showing in the singles. With the handicap of facing young and comparatively fresh opponents, they could not have been at their best, but they put up a strenuous enough competition.

MOLDENHAUER and Prenn were Germany's strongest players, and it was on them that all hopes were pinned. For a while optimists had allowed themselves visions of the New Germany represented in the Davis Cup challenge round—a dream that was not sniffed at too scornfully even by the scarcely impartial enthusiasts in other countries. However, when the American team arrived, and more especially when it became known that the veterans Tilden and Hunter were to be faced, the Germans quietly allowed their hopes, strong as they were, to die. Before the matches started, no Berlin expert would give his team the slightest chance of winning, and as a result, what they did accomplish caused a great deal of surprise, and not a little rejoicing.

Since the war, Germany has taken up sports with characteristically thorough enthusiasm. The youth of the country has almost made a religion of physical fitness and games. So the day may not be far off when Germany, with greater reserves of first-class players to call upon, will appear at last in the challenge round, breaking the monotony of a contest which of late has been dangerously near becoming an exclusively Franco-American affair.

—A. D.



HOW TO PASS TIME

On the Ferry

CONSIDER the hikers. Why do they wear such funny clothes? Why do girls insist on wearing knickers? Will we have to pass a law to keep them in skirts? Do they wear knickers when they go to a dance? Do they ever cover as much ground on a hike as they do on a dance floor? Has a woman any other business in life than to be charming? How about finding collar buttons, taking care of the children, and putting ashtrays under cigarettes? What else? Is a woman's work ever done? Why doesn't she do it?

Toot your horn. How many horns answer you? Do they sound better than yours? How many cars are ahead of you? How many are behind you? What does the Open Road mean to you? Why don't you buy a yacht? Inspect the waiting vehicles. Why is it that the smaller the car is the more people they crowd into it?

Consider the gas tax—how calmly the country takes it. What has become of the spirit that threw the English tea into Boston harbor? Where are our John Hancocks and our Nathan Hales? Is it any wonder that the Daughters of the American Revolution are ashamed of us? Do you care what the Daughters of the American Revolution are ashamed of? Who does care? Suppose nobody cared?

Do you own the car in which you are riding? Could you own a better car? Don't you think it's a good idea to have a little light car for knocking around? Is there any sense in knocking around in your Hispano-Suiza? Who thought up this companion-car idea, anyway? Isn't the companion passenger more important? Do you believe in companionate passengers?

When will you reach the other side of the river? Think of how you will be able to laugh at ferry lines when you buy your airplane. What new troubles won't you be able to laugh at, then, though? How much longer do you think you'll have to wait in this line? Isn't there some other place you can go? How about home?

—José Schorr

•

"Are you on your way to Seattle, Colonel Lindbergh?" asked the reporter. "Destination unknown," was the monosyllabic reply.—*Oregon Daily Journal.*

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"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST" . . . a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.

JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

IT is always a mystery to me why the new hats of each season should invariably amble in weeks ahead of the new frocks, but that is the way things are in this cockeyed world of ours. Here we have been taught and taught that you should pick out hats, shoes, and other accessories to match your costumes, and what do they do but tempt you with French chapeaux so strongly that, willy-nilly, you have to buy them and get the rest of your wardrobe to match later. It is all very illogical.

THOSE of you who intend to be firm and not get hats until you have assembled your autumn clothes should keep away from the French millinery department at Wanamaker, for even the most strong-willed woman would be almost certain to succumb. The new Reboux are divine. This designer is still making hats which, whether they have turned-back or turned-down brims, display a great deal of the forehead and all of the eyebrows. Most of them, also, have brims, turned-back pieces, or trimmings at the sides so arranged that on one side not even the tip of the nose is visible in profile; on the other, your cameo outlines are silhouetted against the opposite brim. The knockout of the collection at Wanamaker is a hat of black felt. Tight across the forehead, it has a piece turned down from high up on the crown to flare out on one side and hug the cheek closely; on the other side it extends downward almost to the shoulder. This completely conceals whichever profile you think is better hidden. Then, there is a tiny skullcap tricorne of felt, the small tricorne points just a tiny bit irregular in placing and in width. Just as chic as possible for those lucky souls who can wear tricornes with the proper dash. Reboux has also done another version of a rakish pirate hat in felt, flaring out irregularly to frame the faces of tall and dashing women.

More demure souls should look at a little black felt adorned with a bow of satin ribbon that proceeds around the hat and catches the brim up over the eye in a new way. Agnès shows a small model of fine felt, resembling a Quaker bonnet in front; in back, it descends into a casual knot at the nape of the neck, and little irregular points appear behind each ear. And don't miss a hat of hunter-green felt and satin by Thenault, the satin going flat across the forehead in a slanting line, the felt above it coming down toward the ears, turning over on itself to give width just below them; the whole terminating in back in a jaunty green-satin bow.

Beautiful reproductions of French hats here, all fixed up to suit your individual peculiarities of feature, are between fifteen and twenty-five dol-

"Now let me tell you what's wrong with B. Altman's . . ."

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READ the specifications of a fine apartment, and you are likely to see something like this—"automatic elevators, glass-enclosed showers, lighted closets, Electrolux Gas Refrigerators."

Electrolux just naturally belongs with the other things. That is why it is now standard equipment in hundreds of the newest, finest apartment buildings. It is marvelously convenient, because there is nothing about it to oil, grease or repair—or get out of order. *And it can't make a sound.*

All this because this Gas Refrigerator hasn't got a single moving part. No motor, no pump, no flywheel needed to make Electrolux go. Just a tiny gas flame, a mere trickle of water—and that is all. It doesn't get out of order because there is nothing about it to get that way. It just goes on maintaining constant, steady cold, freezing all the ice cubes you want, for years and years. In fact, laboratory tests by nationally known magazines and the like, have been able to find no reason why Electrolux should ever wear out.

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We have prepared completely illustrated information for those who wish to know more details about Electrolux. Write or phone us for a copy. And to see the various models, sizes and colors, Crystal Green and Silver Grey in addition to gleaming white, visit your gas company's display room. Servel Sales, Inc., 51 E. 42d Street, New York City. Telephone Vanderbilt 5700.

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51 East 42d St., N. Y. C.

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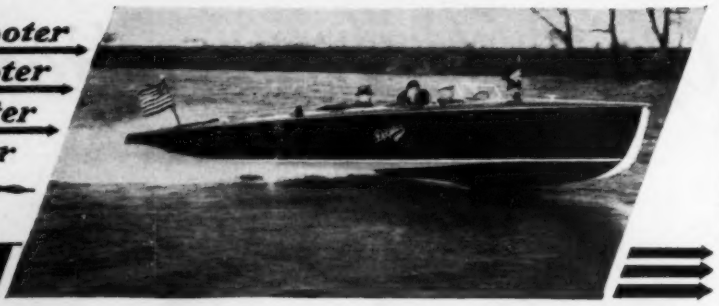

Hackercraft WINS

Here's further proof of performance—performance that not alone represents flashing speed and a new type of riding grace, but a staunch dependability thoroughly tested in the crucible of competition. Herr Richard Busse of Berlin imports a 26 foot Hackercraft model—powered with the Kermath "200" and in three days of gruelling racing on the Templiner See, Potsdam, wins the runabout championship of Europe! Still another victory has been added to the growing list of Hackercraft stock runabout triumphs. Priced from $3150 to $5750. Write for the Hackercraft catalog.

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Stately liners smoothly gliding,
Bustling tugboats sharply tooting,
Laden freighters hoarsely hooting!
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Here's a thrill you long will treasure!
Here's your passport—Pass to Pleasure!
★ *Dine Here Tonight* ★

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Dinner and Dancing
Nightly *(except Sunday)*
Dinner Concert Sundays

lars, an item which is well worth writing upon your cuff.

IF your summer wardrobe needs replenishing, Wanamaker is showing some perfectly grand hats of natural panama in subtly varied cloche shapes, adorned with bright ribbon bands and selling for the phenomenally low price of $8.50. Other summer trifles that you may still crave include those English merino sweaters—slipovers with V or crew necks in fine wool, and white and pastel colors; and Chanel's Sun Oil, that promotes a proper tan pleasantly, with a gardenia scent; and a new Patou perfume called Le Sien—a delicate chypre, and practically the only chypre I ever craved at all.

CHEZ NINON, which has moved into a new shop, at 551 Madison Avenue, glorious with midnight-blue mirror glass, and other striking modern notes in decoration, is harboring a perfectly grand dress from Maggy Rouff that is enough to make the most hardened male fall right on his face. It is so feminine and yet so ladylike. Just one of those sheer, ruffly, clinging evening frocks—the top composed of a warm pink chiffon and lace; the skirt, of black sheer lace. A combination easy to cheapen; but perfectly done, as here, it is invincible.

THERE are also some new hats at Macy, in the French salon, well worth your attention. One Agnès heavy felt, for instance, with a shallow crown, has a brim, narrow in front, that curves upward a little to show the right side of the face, and becomes very wide at each side. A six-inch bow of the felt is placed at the back of the neck, and the whole effect is utterly enchanting. Agnès also makes that Magpie hat, fitting very much like a skullcap across the forehead in front, extending outward to rolled width at the sides. The inset band of contrasting felt high on the crown ties in a flat bow on the crown in back. Those tiny little women who remain baby-faced and piquant to the age of sixty must immediately purchase a skullcap by Le Monnier that is the last word in coyness. It combines a dull and shiny felt, and has a peek-a-boo veil from ear to ear in front; in back, there is a round piece of felt like a baby's cap. On each side of this are two ridiculous ears of felt, and there is a discreet zigzag finish on the neck. The right woman looks like a child from the

rear, and like a rather pensive little widow in front. Those who can wear it, must. And Patou, who can always be relied on to contribute something spirited and youthful, is showing a sort of pirate hat of black felt, with horizontal shirring on the turned-up brim and on the crown just above the left eyebrow. Copies of these hats, made on the head in the French salon, are from $10.74 up. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Gaiety for Mere Males —Pipes and Saddles

HAMILTON STEFFIN has opened a shop at 500 Madison Avenue, and in our opinion has used good judgment in selecting his stock. A sample dressing-gown made of a rather coarsely woven silk-and-wool material was particularly attractive. These gowns are made to order; there are several colors to select from, and you can have any color of flannel piping you choose. Complete with monograms that match the piping, they cost $30. Plain crêpe and plain flannel gowns with contrasting facings are also specially made, and for the same price. Orders take two weeks, including the time required for monogramming.

Mr. Steffin plans to carry underwear, dressing-gowns, and linen handkerchiefs, and he will specialize in hosiery.

RECENTLY Albert Leonard George imported some new sweaters from Scotland: lightweight pullovers in blue, beige, canary, white, and a mottled gray, $10; lace alpacas in white, beige, and blue—sleeveless, $20, coat style, $25; and Indian cashmere pullovers in mixtures of dull blue and white, and light gray and white, $25. Golf hose to match these cost $10.

This shop is now one of the places where you can buy Lowe pipes, of which Mr. George has an excellent selection. As you probably know, they come from England and are broken in before leaving the factory, which does away with the major annoyance of pipe-smoking. The standard type costs $7.50, the natural finish, $12.50, and the straight grain, $25.

Among the novelties we liked here

The Remarkable LINIT *Beauty Bath is exhilarating . . . on Hot Nights*

THE luxurious but expense-*less* LINIT Beauty Bath helps insure a perfect night's rest by leaving on the skin a light, invisible "coating" of LINIT powder that harmlessly absorbs perspiration and gives the skin a satiny smoothness.

MERELY dissolve half a package or more of LINIT in your bath, bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it is soft and smooth as velvet as well as perfect in elasticity and suppleness.

STARCH from Corn is the main ingredient of LINIT. Being a vegetable product, LINIT contains no mineral properties to irritate the skin. In fact, the quality and purity of Starch from Corn are regarded so highly by doctors who treat skin diseases, that they generally recommend it for the tender and sensitive skin of babies.

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Curtis puts only the toughest webbing in his furniture

Your little nephews innocently mistake your delicate Queen Anne Love Seat for a spring-board, land on it like a ton of bricks and revel in the rebound. No furniture can survive that castigation . . . but Curtis does foundation work with 4-inch jute webbing (strongest by actual laboratory test). This he interlaces closely, nails securely, until it's strong as steel and comfy as a quilt. Construction like that comes in only the finest upholstered furniture, the kind Curtis makes.

CURTIS

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55 Fifth Avenue
at 12th Street

were belts of buck cloth, a fabric that looks like felt. They come in tan, white, and gray, and are suitable for wear with flannels; $4.

TRIPLER is showing a French safety razor called the Edla, which has a single blade of hardened steel to be sharpened on a small strop that is part of the equipment. I was told it will last a lifetime. The rest of the razor is made of rustless German silver, and it all fits into a small leather case; $7.50.

FOLLOWING up a rumor that Abercrombie & Fitch have a polo saddle weighing only three pounds, we discovered, to our surprise, there really is one; though to be exact, it weighs three and a quarter pounds. It hasn't a tree, but the safety latch is supported by a strong gullet bar. This saddle is intended for exercising and the shop does not recommend it for actual playing. However, Raymond Guest, among other players at Yale, used it in practice games and is said to be enthusiastic about it. The price is $45.

Among the polo accessories here is a sponge-rubber kneepad, leather-covered, that absorbs the shock of a mallet blow much more effectively than the old type padded with cotton; $18 a pair. Then there is a tapered cone mallet with a ribbed-rubber grip which we were assured is Abercrombie & Fitch's own invention; $4.50. Mallets with vellum-covered heads that do not break easily, and are said to lengthen your drive, cost $4.75.

Beach accessories at this store include: Umbrellas covered in vividly patterned canvas; $8. . . . Sand chairs to match; $6.50. . . . Sno-Shu chairs, made of bent ash laced with rawhide, that fold compactly; $7.50. . . . Aluminum playing cards that will not blow about, be injured by water, or stick together; $3.50. . . . The Aqua-Cycle—looks like a bicycle frame on two narrow pontoons; the propeller is worked by pedals, and the rudder by handle-bars; $125. . . . Folding kayak canoes—canvas and rubber on a wooden frame; folds in a bag and, in the ten-foot size, weighs only thirty-four pounds; from $59 to $105.

—G. McC.

•

Mr. B—— had been confined to his bed for about two months. He leaves 1½ grandchildren.—*Rhode Island paper.*

Too sick to count.

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Brunswick

ELECTRICAL RECORDS

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, JULY 17

THE interment number of the famous *Little Review* has at last been published here; like any other mythical good American, this Middle-Western radical finally went to heaven in Paris. And not unsuitably. Of the many illustrious and now salable writers whom it was the first in America to print, if not to pay—Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, James Joyce, Gertrude Stein, Glenway Westcott, etc.—the greater number today live in France. Picasso, Léger, Picabia, Juan Gris, Miro—all were introduced in the States by the *Little Review*, and all are residents of Paris. In a sense, then, the *Little Review*, though it had never been in Paris before, came to its home to die.

More than in America, it has left in Paris recognizable marks of its influence. *Exiles*, Ford Madox Ford's excellently edited *Transatlantic Review*, and now *Transition*, all similar periodicals, at least in their international scope, have found their unique field in France. Of the younger American writers to be translated into French, the better part have been from the *Little Review's* original list.

PERHAPS the greatest difference between its native and foreign epitaphs is that here the *Review* is still granted full credit for all its discoveries. This has been particularly apparent in the widespread comment on the recent French translation of Joyce's "Ulysses" (published by Adrienne Monnier's admirable Maison des Amis des Livres).

In the light of the memorable police-court reception given the book in New York, it is worthy of note that the leading French literary organs reviewed it as if it were a book and not a misdemeanor. No outcry has been heard except one of astonishment at the labors of the translators, Morel and Larbaud; five years having been consumed. Of all the appreciations, only the stodgy *Revue de Paris* sounded a warning cough. After cerebrally connecting "Ulysses" with the stained-glass windows in the cathedral at Bourges, then with Huysmans, then with Voltaire, it goes on to remark that "Work in Progress," Joyce's latest manuscript, is "so difficult in style that even the most literate English fail to comprehend it. . . . Let Monsieur Joyce beware lest he become the prey of isolated commentators who fatten on high and heady dishes which even they have not properly digested."

Another literary note concerns two new Norman Douglas manuscripts, set by hand at Nancy Cunard's Hours Press, and comprising "Nerinda: a Pompeian Fragment," and "One Day." The latter is published in two editions, of which the dearer, in crimson leather, with autographs and photographs of the author, automatically becomes a bibliophile's item. These, with "The Eaten Heart," by Richard Aldington, complete the early-summer list of this eclectic establishment.

To the literati we also announce that Aldington's first novel, "The Death of a Hero," is to have a New York autumnal publishing, with his translations of the four Attic poets—Aristophanes, Aiskulos, Sophokles, and Euripides. The Greek works will be reconstructed as playable plays, with invented stage directions and with spoken parts in prose, the chorus chanting in vers libre. The new translations thus include (all the spelling is Mr. Aldington's): "Alkestis," "Hippolutos," and "Medeia." The "Oresteia" trilogy of Aiskulos—"Agamemnon," "Khoepho-

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And in the realm of flavors, there is one—renowned the world over—*sherry*. The age-old flavor-secret of master continental chefs. A ready flavor-aid to every present day hostess. Have *you* discovered it?

For purest sherry, remember to ask for *Guasti*—Guasti Cooking Sherry. It is now legally available at all leading grocers.

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roi," and the "Eumenides"—will appear as the second annual production. Something to look forward to in long winter evenings.

THE season being officially over, only the summer theatrical attractions and the unattractive unsummerishness of the weather remain noteworthy for tourists. The two state operas and the ballets of La Argentina, now reopened in response to a demand for a second series, deserve attention. The Wagnerian Cycle, given in German, in two laps of four nights each, was packed and praised. Perhaps the most satisfactory week for travellers was held at the Comique, where (the stuffy subscribers being on their vacation) "Manon," "Louise," "Bohème," and "Carmen" were offered to light-hearted romanticists—all within the space of six days.

Of the half-dozen music halls which were once the pride of Paris, only one, the Empire, lives to comfort the antique New Yorker; and its program is filled with starring Americans. No other vaudeville house has survived the recent competition of the American movies and musical comedies. ("Rose Marie" has passed its thousandth performance here.) Moreover, the Paramount, advertising a refrigerated amphitheatre—to a populace already coming down with pneumonia—has added a breakfast-to-lunch showing at reduced rates, to seduce fans who otherwise might have reached the office on time. At this rate, not only art but industry will die. —GENÊT

•

A promising identification of the body which lies in Martin's Morgue in Elizabeth as Mrs. George Knitters, formerly of 91 Broadway, Newark, turned out last night to be an empty promise.—*The Sun.*

Empty, yes. But full of significance for Mrs. George Knitters.

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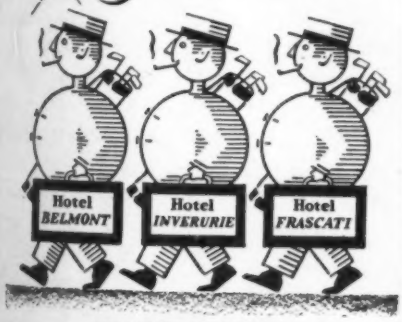
3 WISE MEN



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TEE AND GREEN

Circus at Lido—Barnes Hits His Drives—Mr. Arthur Potter, Unattached

THERE have been more exciting tournaments in this district than last week's Metropolitan Open, but few more entertaining. Not many people watched it. The little galleries that strolled around Lido were composed mostly of club members who had come over after a swim or a sunbath on the beach facing the bright line of cabañas and bathing houses to the east; they were good-natured galleries, and they seemed to set a proper value on the rare entertainment provided for them.

EVEN in the rain on the second day Mehlhorn and Diegel put on a good show. The tournament committee had been smart to pair them together in that round; their respective fashions of playing are enough alike and enough different to make comparison interesting. On the greens they went through a sort of circus act; Diegel would line up his ball and then curl himself into the stance he has made famous, with straddling legs and hunched back, clasping his putter against his chest; Mehlhorn would turn his toes in and squat, scowling, then tap the ball hastily, and apparently fearfully, while water dripped off his hat. Next day they were separated, Diegel playing with Sarazen and Mehlhorn in the agreeable company of Barnes and Ciuci. Though Mehlhorn was cursing the tournament, Barnes was in a fine humor. When he outdrove the other two, as often happened, he kidded them along. It was a good thing he hadn't used a driver for that shot—it was a feeble one for him, a tap with a spoon. A good thing he hadn't hit it full. The next minute, perhaps, he would be in trouble; but when he had played out and picked a new piece of clover to chew, his spirits would return with another great drive. Why, what ailed Ciuci—was he playing a floater? One of the new balls, maybe, that wouldn't fly. Was Mehlhorn down there too? Barnes was sorry. He must have for-

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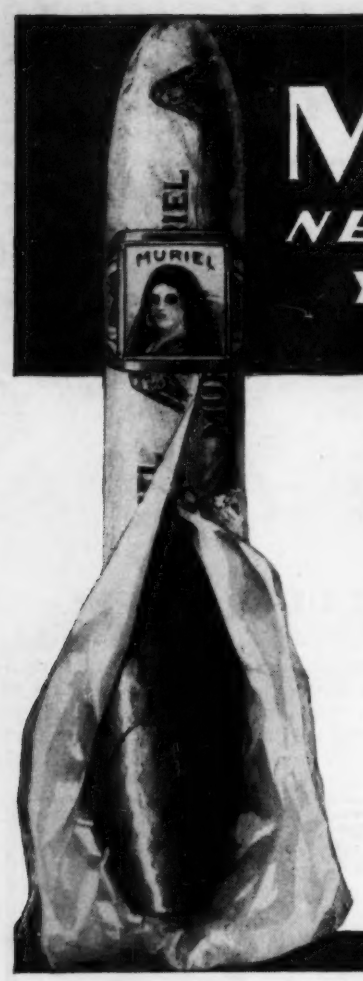
This wonderful new club is just about to open. The beautiful club house has been finished and is about to serve members with perfect food, card rooms, bath houses, private dining rooms, an unsurpassed swimming pool and a host of other advantages. And directly in front of the club house is a large private beach.

RUDY VALLÉE

Rudy Vallée and his orchestra will make the evening merry for members and their guests. Since the membership quota will not be exceeded, members may be sure of delightful evenings of dancing in a spacious hall never unpleasantly crowded.

This announcement appears in the New Yorker only, and only thoroughly desirable members will be accepted. Now is the time to get in your application for membership before the quota is filled. Write for information. You will be given complete details of costs, facilities, etc., without obligating yourself in any way. Send in a note or a card to the New Yorker, 25 West 45th Street, Box K E L.

THE ATLANTIC BEACH CLUB ATLANTIC BEACH, L. I.



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gotten himself—he hadn't meant to make the boys look bad.

IN another part of the course a considerable crowd was following Mr. Arthur Potter, unattached. It was the first time in Mr. Potter's experience that so many people had watched him play golf, and it will probably also be the last time anyone at all sees Mr. Potter playing in a recognized tournament in the United States or Europe. I want to state my regret at his passing. No common sort of fellow would do what he did. Recognition of Mr. Potter's genius was inevitable when his score was filed—the lowest ever turned in by a native golfer, six strokes under the course record, a score made under bad conditions on one of the hardest courses in the country, yet two strokes lower than the best Bobby Jones has done on an easy course. It appeals to your imagination. Oddly enough, it would have remained unquestioned if it had not been for a certain Harry Hunerhoff, who telephoned to the scorer. Hunerhoff had failed to qualify for the last two rounds, and after playing around Lido in the rain, alone with his caddy and Potter, and Potter's caddy—a Brooklyn boy named Eaglebeak, whom Potter had brought along with him—Hunerhoff felt so discouraged that attesting the score seemed unimportant. Potter asked him to; he didn't want to argue. Next day when he saw the newspapers describing Potter's record 64, he telephoned the committee.

Hunerhoff's call came after lunch on Saturday. Potter had nearly finished the first half of his last round when the officials decided they would disqualify him on Hunerhoff's affi-

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davit. Playing in front of the club on his way to the ninth, Potter passed close to the committee, which was discussing him, and he looked around at the men nervously. He is a short, stocky little man, with a round haircut and a pug nose; he was dressed in loud clothes. He glanced at the committee with a quick, intent look, but played his next shot quietly and well. Walter Shafer, president of the Metropolitan Golf Association, asked to speak to him as he left the green, and the two stood at one side arguing while the crowd, knowing something was going on, but not knowing what, waited around the tee. It was the first instance I ever heard of in which a player was disqualified in this way; the committee seemed puzzled by the situation, struggling to maintain the suavity proper to committees, while Potter argued stoutly, denying everything. For a minute I believed in his ability to convince them his score was legitimate. In the end, they let him finish his round, though technically out of the tournament. —N. B., Jr.

•

WEEKEND VERSES

The Guestroom

Oh visitor within our nest,
'Tis here thou'lt take thy nightly rest.
Soft be thy couch, although we doubt it
But what are you going to do about it?

For three long nights 'tis here thou'lt toss
And count thy stay a total loss.
Perchance thou'lt sleep; if so, give thanks
That thou art used to sleep on planks.

The bed we occupy is soft,
And in the stilly night we oft
Shall think of thee till daylight breaks
Acquiring kinks, and bends, and aches.

Mayhap we ought to take thy shelf,
And sleep upon the thing ourself,
And thou wouldst wake refreshed and strong.
Oh friend, and thou shouldst live so long!

—Newman Levy

•

Her father was formerly minister of war of the republic of Venezuela. She is 32. Her husband is two years old, a magazine writer.—*Greensburg (Pa.) Morning Review.*

And probably has already used the phrase "these old cars."

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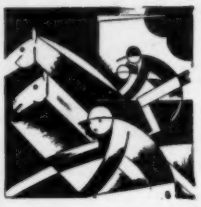
THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Handicap Weights — Redcoat Murray—On Friday the Thirteenth



IN the course of the past thirty years as handicapper for The Jockey Club, Walter S. Vosburgh has assigned weights to more than 215,000 horses in sweepstakes. His most recent estimation of the ability of our better three-year-olds and upward is expressed in the weights for the Saratoga Handicap, at one mile and a quarter, which will be run for on Monday. No good purpose would be served in discussing the prospects of three quarters of the entry, whatever their weight, though theoretically the poundage is assigned so that all the runners will finish in a dead heat. I look on Petee-Wrack, Sun Beau, Display, Sun Edwin, Genie, Healy, and Distraction as holding especially good qualifications.

Mr. Vosburgh has honored John Macomber's Petee-Wrack with top weight of 126 pounds. In the Suburban, Petee-Wrack was beaten by a nose by that singularly uncertain and temperamental Man o' War mare, Bateau, to whom he was conceding 17 pounds. In the Brooklyn he seemed outweighted under 128 pounds, but in the Carter, a fortnight later, carrying 123 pounds to Osmand's 132, he ran Joe Widener's splendid miler to a nose.

In my opinion, Sun Beau, despite his bad race in the Arlington Handicap, is leniently treated at 121 pounds, as is Genie, under 117, though Genie is another Man o' War colt with a superabundance of temper, inherited from Fair Play and Hastings. I note that Mr. Vosburgh's opinion of the three-year-olds is not high, as reflected by his assigning High Strung, Jack High, and Mei Foo 112 pounds each. Blue Larkspur was not weighted.

ARTHUR MURRAY is one of the most important cogs in the machine that makes the day's racing run smoothly. Murray is the little chap in huntsman's livery who leads the parade to the post. I'm told, on most unreliable authority, that a tout once per-

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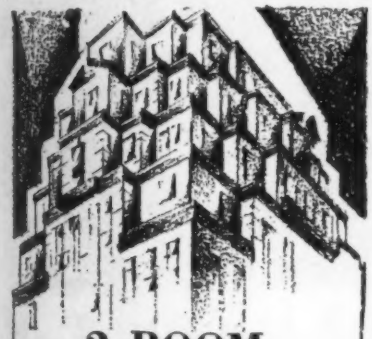

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suaded a Saturday visitor to give him money to place on the gray horse—the first in the line, ridden by the jockey in the red coat. When the barrier went up, the tout yelled in the sap's ear: "There! Don't that just beat hell? Left at the post!"

Redcoat Murray has made an exhaustive study of whimsical and bad-acting horses. He leads the fractious ones to the post and tries to calm them on the way. Sometimes he leads as many as three or four. He catches runaways, and his horsemanship outdoes the best trick riding of rodeo stars I've ever seen. He is as game as they make 'em. His left foot was crushed by an ugly-spirited horse early in the Belmont Park meeting, but after a fortnight he was in the saddle again. All part of a day's work.

Murray is fifty. Twenty years ago he was riding races on the half-mile tracks in the Far West. He's forgotten how many winners he has ridden. In those days, I believe, the purses were $100, and jockey fees in proportion. It was a problem for riders to get from one bush meeting to another. That never bothered Murray. He rode a bicycle, and on many of his trips he carried his small son in one of those basket attachments fastened on the handlebars.

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rides at the Havana, New Orleans, or Miami meetings, and boots home plenty of winners. I believe he could hold his own on the big-time tracks, but he prefers the job he has made for himself. A considerable part of his income is derived from galloping bad-tempered horses in the mornings. Some horses will not work; Sarazen was an example. Docile as a lead pony around the stable, he was a ring-tailed hellion on the track. Murray tells me there is always a reason for a horse's bad temper, and a cure for it. Much of the trouble is caused by the bit. However, I have neither time nor desire to discuss *in extenso* the technicalities of the snaffle bit.

I DO not know that there is much to say of the racing at Empire City last week. To my mind the outstanding feature was Distraction's victory in the Yonkers Handicap. The Wheatley Stable's colt was a bit lucky, for Gifford Cochran's Empire City Derby winner stumbled at the break, while his stablemate, Valkyr, got away slowly, and neither could make up that ground lost at the start. A noteworthy performance was that of Flying Heels, who easily interrupted the winning streak of Red Rag. Gifford Cochran's Tia Juana Futurity winner is on the small side, but Flying Heels runs to his name, for he stepped the fastest five furlongs of the meeting.

THERE always is something sinister about the thirteenth day of a race meeting. When it falls on a Friday, things happen. As a result of this combination at Empire City last week, many curtailed their plans for Saratoga. That St. Henell found his master in the Greentree Stable's Stars and Bars was one of the six surprises. And the presence of Jock Whitney was responsible for Romany Baw's being the favorite in the last race, but the colt suffered bad luck in the early running and never was close to A. H. Cosden's Bud Broom. There you have the explanation of why the collectors of autographs enjoyed themselves so hugely.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

A woven wire fence is being put around the Gulf camp at Cabimas. This improves the looks of the camp a great deal. Also what is still better, a man can hit the new fence and bounce away. *—Maracaibo (Venezuela) Tropical Sun.*

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BELLES-LETTRES

There was a letter from that boy out West
(The one so much, much nicer than the rest).
There was a pleading note, an echo of romance,
From that gallant whom she had met in France.
There was a letter postmarked Georgia, too,
That did all southern courtesy could do
To hasten her returning to the South,
Where more could best be said by word of mouth.

She tossed them all aside, unread, and seized
A letter from an editor, which said,
"We're pleased
To tell you we accept . . ." Fine words to cheer
A girl whose only thought was a career.
What power, now, had mere sweet memories to delight her
Since she'd become, as she had planned, a writer?

Yet every note from South or West or France that came
Fanned well her flickering literary flame;
Until, as those things go, she ceased to get
All letters save a few commencing, "We regret . . ."
And she began to wonder whether men
Were not as true as Art . . . considered . . . then
She started travelling again.

—CARROLL CARROLL

•

Would you like to know about a place that is different, that is wild and away from the beaten path, a place that is wooded, really wooded, with bay trees, madrones, toyons and majestic oaks hung with moss,—where there is a stream splashing merrily along as it winds its way among myriads of wild flowers? Here too, the many birds that you may see and hear have found protection and peace in this setting of natural beauty, elevated and blessed with sunshine.

This is not a fairy tale, because there is such a place. It is called Los Trancos Woods and is only about an hour's drive down the peninsula from San Francisco.

Now if you would be interested in knowing more about this haven of rest and beauty, let the enclosed card be a messenger to bring you full details of THE CABIN OF YOUR DREAMS nestled in among the trees and wild flowers of this sylvan paradise.—*From a California realtor's letter.*

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PARIS WITHOUT EMBARRASSMENT

IF the American brings his car abroad he must not be patronizing about Paris traffic regulations. It is folly for him to suppose that a knowledge of the New York system will be of the slightest assistance to him. Past performances count for nothing. He must be as a child, humble and willing to learn.

Here, for those neither too mad nor vain, are some of the important things that must be mastered. First the easy ones:

1. There is no speed limit; but reasonable care must be used according to the circumstances. (Unless you happen to be a taxi-driver.)

2. The pedestrian, or *piéton*, has no rights whatever except at corner crossings after the gendarme has stopped the traffic. (At all other times and places he may be, and usually is, chevied at will. There is no closed season on *piétons*, and no limit to the bag.)

THAT is all that comes clearly under the head of good news. Now for general information, hints, and warnings:

1. At street intersections the car approaching on the right hand has the right of way. (Try and get away with it.)

2. Turning round is forbidden except at street intersections broad enough to permit it without backing. (Turning round to look is different but may also have dangerous consequences.)

3. On streets with tram lines leave the *refuges*, or islands of safety, to your left. Only the street cars themselves have the right to follow the rails inside them. (It is not considered quite sporting to chase your *piéton* over a *refuge*, which is "home," and counts five for him.)

4. Paris traffic police are spreading, and have quite lost their early and understandable timidity. When a gendarme steps in front of your car, turns his back, and holds up his white baton, stop. (You may drive up until your bumper touches the skirts of his cloak, and blow your horn steadily in his ear while waiting. You can do everything but actually run over him. The best plan is to lock your car and step across the street for a beer. There's plenty of time. You can always tell when he is about to release the traffic again by the growing nervousness of his manner, and will have ample opportunity to get back to your car before he blows his whistle and leaps for the sidewalk.)

5. Watch out for one-way streets, marked with a red disc reading "*Sens Interdit.*" They always lead directly to your destination. (Don't take them; drive round the block.)

6. Watch out also for signs reading "*Défense de Doubler.*" These are found on certain narrow streets in Paris and in most country towns, and mean that it is forbidden to pass other vehicles bound your way. (This may be annoying, as when you find yourself stuck for half a mile behind somebody's deaf grandmother pushing a barrow laden with large objects of a household nature.)

7. The etiquette of approaching a blind corner is to blow your horn furiously for half a block, gradually putting on speed as you come nearer. If you get no answering honk from right or left, test your faith in immortality by charging straight across. If you do hear a rival coming, however, you may slam on your brakes without losing caste—if you don't do it until the last possible second. Hit or miss, it is ethical to lean out and curse him with an injured air. (Caution—be sure he isn't a taxi-driver. Taxis have permanent ownership of the right of way, and their drivers a marvellous talent for pointing that

fact out to you in crisp French.)

8. Do not get caught backing up. It is forbidden under any circumstances within city limits. (Honest.)

9. Parking—don't, unless absolutely necessary; it is much too tricky. (If you must, here is how: on odd-numbered days of the month park on the side of the street whose houses bear the odd numbers, and vice versa. This necessitates first finding a house number, and then being constantly aware of the day of the month—an obvious hardship on people who come abroad to get away from all that sort of thing.)

10. It is against the law to turn on your headlights in the city. (Use the dims and avoid many embarrassing nocturnal sights.)

11. Never leave your car with the engine going. (To do so will spread consternation, on account of the waste of gasoline; besides, it is unlawful.)

12. Don't get lost. It is no use to ask your way if you do. (Pedestrians—perhaps in revenge for the shabby way they are treated under the law—have only two answers, both invariably false: "*Tout droit*," meaning straight ahead, and "*à deux pas*," meaning just a little further. You will find it quicker and cheaper in the end to stay right where you are until your friends advertise and offer a reward for your return.)

13. Finally, never drive your car in the Place de l'Étoile, the Place de la Concorde, or the Place de l'Opéra. (The traffic in these great open spaces resembles the result of that old chemical experiment in which you put the wrong drop of something into a boiling caldron of something else and it all fizzes up, smells badly, and sends sparks shooting off into the air. Go once too often and you'll find yourself one of the sparks.)—DONALD MOFFAT

•

We are hanging a few pictures in our schoolroom. Will you please tell us of one or two which you can recommend?

ANSWER. Of course you will select Washington and Lincoln for portraits, and Gladstone's magnificent face would make a good third. I also suggest "Peter Pan" and the skyline of New York. The first is a universal favorite with youngsters, and the second, as etched by Joseph Pennell, reveals the mighty thrust and courageous boldness of American civilization. I recommend for further choice a policeman on duty in crowded traffic or firemen in action. These seem to me to box the compass for your boys and girls. —*Dr. Cadman's advice in the Providence Journal.*

. . . And warp their little minds.

THE SUN

is the vogue today

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RECENT BO

Mother's Work Is Never Done—More News from the Weste

SOME of the more blighting effects of mother love form the theme of two new novels. Mamma is the modern villain. It is she who makes boys leave home. It is she who drives girls to a fate which, if it isn't Worse Than Death, is considerably less than life.

THERE is, for instance, Joan Ogden in Radclyffe Hall's novel, "The Unlit Lamp." Joan's mother keeps asking, "Do you love me, dearest?"—which is a grievous sin in any domestic situation. In a narrow and petulant household, Joan's affections are fought for by her mother and her governess. The governess is not quite like other girls.

Between the two loving ladies, Joan's life is smitten, blighted, trampled, and blasted, not to say bottled up. You feel that Radclyffe Hall believes Joan would have been a better and happier woman if she had gone with the governess to a little flat and tailored suits in London. Heigh, ho, who can tell? As it is, for her loyalty to her dear old half-witted mother, she is condemned to the most appalling fate ever devised by a modern novelist.

Miss Hall's studies of these three women are bitter and grim. The book, too, is monotonous, not so much because of its theme as because of Miss Hall's "months went by and nothing happened" style of writing. And her men characters are either disagreeable monsters or ineffectual puppets, which is probably a subtle revenge on all the gentlemen novelists who insist on making their women either curly-headed angels or fiends in well-shaped human form.

"The Unlit Lamp" is an earlier work than "The Well of Loneliness," and I'll give you just one guess why it has been brought to these shores.

TO continue with the literary misfits of the week: The mother of the boy in "Overshadowed" sent him to war with noble phrases, her portrait in miniature, a lock of her hair, a Bible, and a volume of Shelley. The boy was eager for the fray after the news came that the Germans had shelled the Cathedral of Rheims.

BOOKS

...one—Hunky's Success
...estern Front—Magic

After all, since we have had the war from all points of view, why not the adventures of a neurotic in the A.E.F.? Eugene Löhrke tells the story of a lad who is completely shattered, not by the actual horrors of war, but by being drawn into a situation which was certainly no place for girls. Of course, the boy would have gone daft at home, war or no war, unless his mother had set him up in a little shoppe. Mr. Löhrke, however, uses the war as a background to accentuate and hasten a tragedy that would have been muffled and ignored in the kindergarten atmosphere of the boy's home.

Mr. Löhrke follows the disintegration of his young neurotic with cold and cruel detachment, with some disgust, and with a glimmer of sympathy. It is, by the way, the author's first novel, and an extraordinarily adroit one.

JENCIC, the hero of "Hunky," had no mother to misguide him. Jencic didn't know where he came from, where he was going, or why; but he got there, and his is a beautiful and glowing story of success. To me this novel of a strong and slow-witted immigrant is one of the best that has come along. For one thing, Thames Williamson writes with none of that "I am no snob" affectation which usually hits authors when they try to get under the thick dirty skin of simple and noble souls. Mr. Williamson surveys his social problem without condescension, and without snarling at the powers that make a Jencic what he is.

This Slav laborer, with "dove blood," a kind heart, and a restful absence of any sort of brains, rises from being a humble tosser of flour bags to a position as a full-fledged baker with a union card. Through no intelligence of his own, and through only a dog-like faith and trust in his fellowmen, Jencic achieves a comfortable place in his small world and arrives at such honors as American citizenship and the dignity of being the happy father of another man's child.

"Hunky" is written with so much humor, so much sanity and gentleness that I, for one, have the foolish hope it will be a best-seller.

IT is with a shamefaced feeling that I turn to "War," by Ludwig Renn. Somehow or other, it seems to demand

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You're swimming in the pool . . . putting Helen Meany to shame with your highly original dives . . . slithering through velvet waters with supreme unconcern . . . you see the clock . . . it's five, and there's dinner to prepare . . . then suddenly you remember

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and lose yourself in the cool, sweet depths.

For with this convenient food on your pantry shelf, you are ready to serve a meal you can be proud of in record time. Flavor-Sealed chicken is so easy to prepare. It is already cooked, you know. And you'll revel in its rich, satisfying flavor.

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comparison with "All Quiet on the Western Front." Don't ask me why. Mr. Renn's book has a more complete physical panorama of the conflict, beginning, as it does, with the invasion of Belgium and ending with the defeat of the army. It is more objective but less intimate, although it, too, has the virtues of candor and honesty; and for all its wider scope and greater detail, it is not so emotionally vigorous. It hasn't the one slight touch of hysteria that makes the whole world kin.

And now how about hearing from the Portuguese and the Greeks?

•

MY biggest disappointment of the week was "Effective Conjuring," by Will Blyth. Here I am stuck with a book on how to become a magician, and there isn't a bunch of De Kolta flowers, or a Roterberg brass card box, or even a velvet-backed card in the house. So I tried cutting out a row of firemen from a folded newspaper and just made a wreck of the firemen and myself. But if there is a magician's apprentice in the audience, will he kindly step on the stage a minute and hold this book for me?

—A. W. S.

•

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

THE UNLIT LAMP, by Radclyffe Hall (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Not quite like other girls.

OVERSHADOWED, by Eugene Löhrke (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Not quite like other boys.

HUNKY, by Thames Williamson (*Coward-McCann*). The story of an immigrant, humorously and tenderly told.

WAR, by Ludwig Renn (*Dodd, Mead*). Another German soldier's account of the conflict. This one is good, too.

THE WAVE, by Evelyn Scott (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Panorama of the Civil War and a study of a catastrophe. A literary achievement.

PAYING GUESTS, by E. F. Benson (*Doubleday, Doran*). Fun in a boarding house. Amusing, and no strain on the brain.

SEE HOW THEY RUN, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). Stunt writing about three yearning chorus girls.

THE SEVEN VICES, by Guglielmo Ferrero (*Harcourt, Brace*). Novel of Rome in the eighteen-nineties; bouncing, vigorous, and entertaining.

FISH PREFERRED, by P. G. Wodehouse

"My eye, who's that little dear?"

"I don't know, but I wish you'd give me back my Sport Glass so I can watch the races. When we packed, you called it 'excess baggage,' but now, I notice, you hoard it like a museum piece."

•

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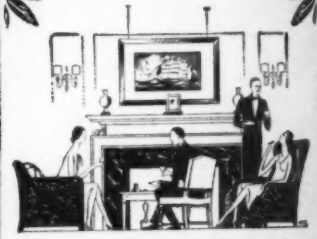

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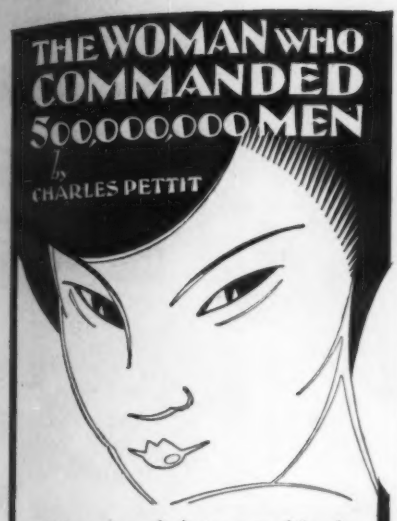

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"Mr. Pettit has preserved the amusing style and the sly, witty sophistries of *The Son of the Grand Eunuch* in this fictionized biography of China's Catherine the Great." —*Brooklyn Eagle*

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INTERESTING PEOPLE

(*Doubleday, Doran*). The sort of book that makes your day.

Less recent:

DARK DUEL, by Marguerite Steen. A MAN SCANS HIS PAST, by M. Constantin-Weyer. VISITORS TO HUGO, by Alice Grant Rosman. PORTRAIT OF A SPY, by E. Temple Thurston. VIVANDIÈRE!, by Phoebe Fenwich Gaye. THE LADY OF LAWS, by Susanne Trautwein. LITTLE CAESAR, by W. R. Burnett. CRESCENDO, by Ethel Mannin. PAGAN INTERVAL, by Frances Winwar. THE MOUNTAIN TAVERN, by Liam O'Flaherty.

MYSTERIES
Some recent ones more or less entertaining

GRIM VENGEANCE, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*).... A SILENT WITNESS, by R. Austin Freeman (*Dodd, Mead*).... MALICE DOMESTIC, by William Roughead (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE JEFFERSON SECRET, by Richard Blaker (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE DOCTOR WHO HELD HANDS, by Hulbert Footner (*Doubleday, Doran*).... THE BLACK CAMEL, by Earl Derr Biggers (*Bobbs-Merrill*).... A TAP ON THE SHOULDER, by Morrison Dupree (*Doubleday, Doran*).... DETECTIVE DUFF UNRAVELS IT, by Harvey O'Higgins (*Liveright*).... THE BAGSHOT MYSTERY, by Oscar Gray (*Macaulay*).... THE GREEN TOAD, by W. S. Masterman (*Dutton*).

GENERAL

EFFECTIVE CONJURING, by Will Blyth (*Dutton*). How to become a magician—if you've got the equipment.

POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE, by Madame E. de Gramont (*Jonathan Cape & Harrison Smith*). The gay recollections of a Frenchwoman with one of those Heaven-sent memories.

THE DIARY OF A RUM-RUNNER, by Alastair Mornay (*Houghton Mifflin*). Further insight into the workings of a great industry.

THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S GUIDE TO MARRIAGE AND CELIBACY, by Juanita Tanner (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An intelligent man doesn't need one. You are supposed to guess who the author is.

FROM DEAUVILLE TO MONTE CARLO, by Basil Woon (*Liveright*). Guidebook for those who will never go there.

POPE OR MUSSOLINI, by John Hearley (*Macaulay*). Anyway, the author is equally prejudiced against both of them.

Less recent:

WAR BUGS, by Charles MacArthur. TRACKING DOWN THE ENEMIES OF MAN, by Dr. Arthur Torrance. JOHN D.; A Portrait in Oils, by John K. Winkler. FOCH SPEAKS, by Major Charles Bugnet. THE WATERS OF AFRICA, by Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis. TWENTY-FIVE YEARS WITH EARL HAIG, by Sergeant T. Secrett. WHERE PARIS DINES, by Julian Street.

•

It is my greatest desire to be big enough to accept defeat without malice and success with humidity.—*From an article in the Hubbardston (Mich.) Call.*

Come to New York in July and work hard.

Marble =Smooth

That's the note ... smooth as marble ... Because, really, there's not even a trace of masculinity if you use *ZIP*. The entire hair and root is gone, *actually gone!*

Next time you are on the Avenue, step in and let me give you a demonstration with my compliments. It will convince you — without obligation. Just one minute to learn how unwanted hair can be destroyed (not merely removed) — that's really beauty's greatest secret!

***Note:* Authorized genuine *ZIP* treatments given in New York *only* at my Fifth Avenue Salon. I am not responsible for results obtained in other New York establishments where substitutes are used. Beware of imitations.**

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HERE'S THAT NEW WAY OF REMOVING HAIR FROM ARMS AND LEGS

So Many Women Are Asking About

A Simple Method That Not Only Removes Every Vestige of Hair Instantly But Utterly Avoids Fostering Coarsened Re-growth

Reappearance of hair is slowed amazingly without fostering coarsened re-growth

A NEW way of removing hair from arms and legs has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are complaining of. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your hand across the skin not the slightest trace of sharpened hair growth can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the sharpened re-growth women are complaining of. You can feel the difference. No sharpened hair growth. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

210

Neet *Cream Hair Remover*

By a total lack of sharpened hair growth, you can feel the difference between this and old ways

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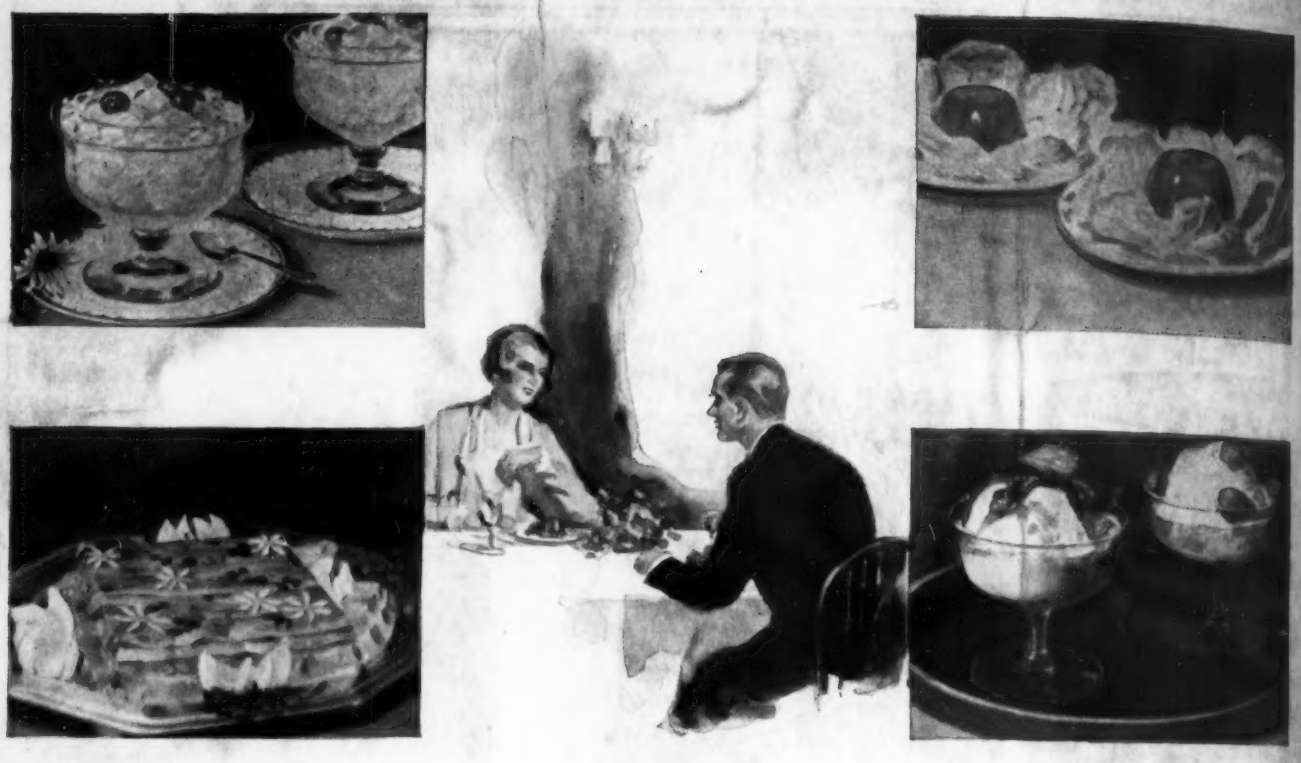

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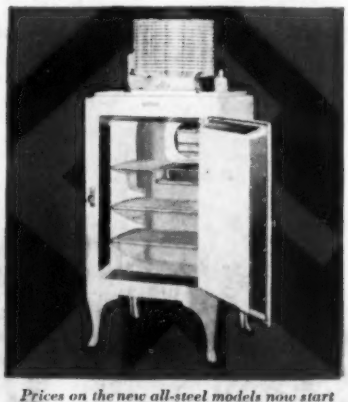

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